Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Apéritif

Weighty Pros and Cons

DR. VON KÜHLMANN, in his article on the three late-comers in the family of nations, Italy, Germany and Japan, gives a curiously personal twist to his account of their behavior and that of their sister nations. By stressing the element of age in their respective psychologies he makes them startlingly human. The desire of these newcomers for a share in the good things of life — more specifically, economic expansion through acquisition of territory — clearly resembles the natural desire of a young man starting out in the business world to overtake his elders and enjoy their plums of office.

This personal twist seems curious not so much because there is anything unusual in regarding nations as more or less human entities, but because at this moment so many countries are unable to decide just what it is that they want — except, of course, the vague happiness of prosperity. Any young man knows how to become prosperous: he must find a job in some business and rise to the top of it. But no nation has so magical a formula, aside from these three — and Russia, naturally, but she, as a sort of step-child in the family of nations, can not be counted.

The aims of America, for instance, are anything but simple. Outside her own boundaries she pursues the most diverse policies, alternately proffering freedom with a hypocritical benevolence to the Philippines, employing force for "free elections" in Central America, refusing to join the League of Nations yet influencing it to make an outcast of Japan, and indulging in many other strange anomalies. Internally she fevers with conflicting desires and opinions: uncertain how to regulate her monetary life-blood, or whether to try; ignorant of a method to feed her various parts, perhaps even of the necessity; hardly conscious, it sometimes appears, that anything ails her at all — certainly unable to say with assurance what it is.

Her anatomy, to be sure, has never been as carefully explored as an individual human body, and that imposes difficulties. Weird organ-like cell-clusters, such as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, exist in

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her, often for no apparent reason. Her internal functions are not well understood; here and there correlation seems to be quite lacking. Of muscles, blood vessels and tissue only a modicum of information is to be had. Psychologically she presents a tremendous enigma, to the world at large and no less to herself.

To wield the scalpel on so large and complicated a body is work for only the bravest surgeons, but judgment of personality has its value and can be practised with less technical methods. One of the latest attempts is by Frank Ernest Hill, and is described in his book named *What Is American?*

In this he undertakes to differentiate the character of "American" from other nationalities, particularly to draw a line of definite demarcation from the European. His plan is to outline our outstanding characteristics in the light of our historical, geographical and racial peculiarities, and by thus emphasizing the background bring clearer understanding of them. "A man," he says, "can not live effectively without a rather precise sense of his body in relation to the earth it knows and the ideas and habits which mold its actions." Thus, he explains our tendency to deal boldly with large things by analogy with our huge mountains, rivers and plains; our mechanical ingenuity by our long experience with the Frontier and its requirement of independent and vigorous action; our generally moral attitude (sometimes popping out in ludicrous phenomena like Prohibition and Anthony Comstock) by the evolution of Puritanism; our isolationism by the Frontier again, which pulled our centre of population 600 miles west of the Atlantic coast and concentrated our attention on America.

Out of such material he constructs a concept of the present American. This man is an essential democrat, both politically and socially, although in neither sphere does he have full regard for his obligations. He wants a comfortable physical life, but is vigorous, even hectic, in activity. He believes in progress, and has more regard for results in its pursuit than for means. He has been noted for his ability to devise new projects and discard outworn methods. He has a fluent mental attitude, passes easily from one occupation to another, from one social status to another. He is friendly rather than polite, as Europeans are. He is tolerant in his religious attitude and has a deep-rooted altruism. He is turning lately more toward art, but has failed so far to integrate it with his life. And, finally, he has failed to comprehend his national life as a whole and to relate it to his own; he has not decided just what he is, or how to behave.

Which last is painfully apparent, of course, and also is the crux of the problem. What we want depends upon what we are, and there is diversity of opinion about that. The philosophies of Jefferson and Hamilton still war within us. Our blood is heterogeneous, our sectionalisms apparently incompatible. But we have an heritage that affects us all, immigrant, *Mayflower* stock and F. F. V., and sooner or later, if things go as they have, it will resolve itself into an American concept which will bind us to more unified thinking. The years since the War have seen an energetic attempt to

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define this heritage and it may bring results sooner than is expected.

There is a queer thing though. If Ortega y Gasset is correct in his analysis of *The Modern Theme*, our generation is destined for the task of subordinating certain abstractions which have dominated Western living, such as culture, reason, art and ethics, to the service of life itself. "Thirty years ago," he writes, "the immense majority of European humanity were still living for the sake of culture. Science, art and justice were considered to be self-sufficient; a life that placed itself entirely at their disposition had a clear conscience. . . . The mission of the new age is, precisely, the conversion of that relation."

But if the vigor of our times is to be directed away from sacrifice to abstractions toward appreciation of life itself, it is hard to see how such conceptions as nationalism can survive in their known forms — how nations can continue to act as young go-getters anxious to make their way in the world, or how comparatively unintegrated nations can continue to struggle for a humanistic unity of consciousness.

The Spanish philosopher's arguments are convincing, for this reader at any rate, and the new direction he sets for our lives has an appealing aspect. However, he does admit that the new way of life will not destroy our respect for justice, culture and the other abstractions, but will merely "subject them to vitality, localize them within the biological scheme." Men might continue to feel patriotic toward their country without being willing to die for the sake of some emanation from its statesmen. Within America our passion for progress might take a milder form — perhaps consideration for human suffering as well as for technological improvement or dividends.

Such iconoclasms might even bring a kind of millennium. At least they ought to reduce the ancient frictions at national boundaries. When ethics is considered as essentially no more important a part of life than digestion it will be difficult to work up our present enthusiasm over "Buy American" campaigns and favorable balances of trade. There will be little use for colonization programmes or other manifestations of inflated national pride. W. A. D.

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Three Late-Comers in the World

By Richard von Kühlmann
Former German Minister of Foreign Affairs

Much of the unrest abroad in the world is traced to the reluctance of old-established nations to share good things with newcomers

Since the close of the World War, the greatest war history has seen, there have been unceasing efforts by great nations to build a dam against recurrence of such appalling disasters, to provide machinery for a peaceful settlement of all possible disputes and to outlaw war as means for attaining political ends. These efforts to avoid for the future the terrible calamities we are suffering from have received important encouragement from the fact that nobody, not even the victors, has been able to derive from victory tangible benefits, and that enormous sacrifices in blood and treasure seem all the more futile when we look at the instability and precariousness of the political structure raised at such heart-rending cost.

Again and again in history after the slaughter of great battles humanity has made desperate efforts to assure eternal peace. One of the greatest German philosophers, Immanuel Kant, wrote in the Eighteenth Century his famous pamphlet: *About Eternal Peace*. After the great earthquake which we call the Napoleonic Wars and which ended with the exile of the restless son of Corsica, the victorious monarchs of Russia, Austria and Prussia combined in the Holy Alliance with the aim to banish from Europe the horrors of war.

The League of Nations, built on American ideas and suggestions, is certainly the greatest and most comprehensive attempt to do away with war once and for all. Although the course of events has not borne out all the extravagant hopes of those who greeted its establishment as the beginning of a new era in the world's history, still no good European could but wish it progressive consolidation and success. However, the League, which has based its operation on an analogy with the working of courts, is faced with one great drawback which is unavoidable and has its roots in the League idea itself. If one attempts to look at political happenings from a judicial point of view, one is bound to assume the existence of a *status quo* which must be preserved, the violation of which represents an offense against the very spirit of the League. Even a super-

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ficial analysis of conditions in the physical world and of conditions in history shows conclusively that there never has been anything for a single moment which could be described as a *status quo*. Just as in organic life birth, existence and death succeed each other, forming an endless chain, so in political life the fading of the old, the growing of the new continues without interruption, as in a vast virgin forest overgrown giant trees fall a prey to decay, fresh seedlings shoot up, hundreds of them taking the place once filled by the giant. Finally one seedling outgrows all his brethren, and with the centuries himself becomes a mammoth tree.

Such development is more evident when we remember that in the world, today three of the most vital and progressive political entities only look back, on an average, over sixty years' existence as modern political units. These are the late-comers in the family of nations, and it seems well worth while to throw a glance at each of these newcomers, to show what their possibilities of development are and to explain why, arriving in a divided and settled world, they were bound to create unrest and change in their natural efforts to find a place in the sun. These three late-comers are Germany, Italy and Japan.

IT MIGHT be interesting to analyze the idea that political growth and power in post-Roman Europe gradually progressed from west to east. Certainly the two kingdoms of the Iberian Peninsula, Spain and Portugal, were the first to acquire trade, sea power, wealth and overseas possessions. Then through the genius of some of their kings, both England and France attained, comparatively early in history, national unity and the power and aggressiveness resulting therefrom, while up to the middle of the Nineteenth Century both Germany and Italy remained mere geographical expressions, both countries being made up of a large number of kingdoms, duchies, principalities and free cities living in constant rivalry and distrust, fighting each other, inviting by their weakness and their seeking of foreign alliances constant intervention by more powerful, united neighbors. In both countries it was the genius of outstanding statesmen which through endless difficulties and worries achieved national union. In Germany it was the genius of the Prussian Prime Minister Otto von Bismarck; in Italy it was that of Count Cavour. Both countries had to face a struggle for the establishment of national unity. In Germany the assent of France to the establishment of German unity had to be won by a short but hard-fought war. Ever since the days of Richelieu and Mazarin, it had been one of the fundamental principles of French foreign policy that under no conditions must the establishment of a strong, united Germany in Central Europe be allowed.

Austria, the Habsburg Empire, had been over a long period predominant both in German affairs and in Italian. Diplomatic and military coöperation freed Germany of Austrian interference in 1866 and rendered possible Italian unity.

After having achieved unity and the maximum of security attainable by the absorption of Alsace-Lorraine,

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old German land wrested from the helpless Reich under Louis XIV, Bismarck entered the race for expansion overseas with great caution and considerable misgiving. He feared British bad temper and British envy. Still, he succeeded in establishing a German colonial empire which both in East and West Africa opened up important vistas for future development. Under his successors, right up to the World War, there was much talk of German world politics, but the additional acquisitions after Bismarck's forced retirement were not very important. Some of the smaller islands in the Pacific and Kioutchou in China could not be defended in the World War.

Today Germany is completely deprived of any outlet overseas; the seething mass of sixty-five million people in an overpopulated country is like an overheated steam kettle, a permanent danger to Europe and the world at large, and nothing seems at the same time more necessary and more wise than to open as quickly as possible outlets and safety valves, so that some steam may be blown off. In the years preceding the World War British wisdom and foresight had, collaborating with German diplomacy, prepared a vast network of treaties which would have provided for Germany an adequate place in the sun and proved, it seems likely, a great help to world peace and stability. Unfortunately, all these schemes were swept away by the rushing tide of the World War. Recent private conversations both with English and French statesmen seem to show that on neither side is there absolute refusal to reopen for Germany modest possibilities for colonial expansion. The idea is important and valuable and ought to be examined thoroughly.

Bismarck, after the defeat of France in 1871, very cleverly opened wide for that restless and warlike country the doors of colonial expansion, with the result that France was able to build up a magnificent colonial empire, second only to the British. Bismarck's wisdom should be food for reflection for the statesmen of today.

ITALIAN destinies since the beginning of medieval history have been in the main shaped by the geographical conditions of the peninsula. As Prussia in the northern part of Germany was chosen by fate to be the kernel around which modern Germany should be built, so in Italy this rôle fell to the Kingdom of Piedmont, under the ancient and gallant house of Savoy, and to this day Italian troops advance in battle with the cry: "*Avanti Savoia!*"

Austria, succeeding to the ancient claims of Imperial Germany, had successfully attempted to dominate the northern part of Italy and to play in the politics of central and southern Italy a decisive rôle. No Italian unity was possible or thinkable before Austrian predominance was broken and the territory occupied by Habsburg reintegrated into Italy. Apart from Austrian influence it was the presence of the Pope, the world's largest international power, in Rome which created almost insuperable difficulties for Italian unity. All these obstacles were overcome by cleverly using first Napoleon III and later on the rising Prussian might for getting rid of Austrian aspirations. The final adjustment of

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the Roman question was reserved for the rule of Benito Mussolini, who has inherited with other precious gifts of Italian genius a marked ability for far-seeing diplomacy. The end of the World War gave Italy more even than her optimists had expected of national territory at the expense of the Habsburg Empire, but disappointingly little in the way of overseas expansion.

With the traditions of Rome as a living memory and with the picture of Genoese and Venetian glory before her eyes, with a rapidly growing population seeking an outlet, Italy's main political question today is the possibility of expansion overseas. She has over and over again carefully explored all parts of the globe where she could by tradition or geographical possibilities find a fissure in the wall which would allow her to introduce the thin end of the wedge. But so far she has found no opening which seems likely to develop into promising colonial possessions. She has land in Eritrea, some islands on the south coast of Asia Minor and Libia on the north coast of Africa — a colonial empire large enough if considered by the number of square miles it covers, but entirely unsatisfactory from the point of view of economic value or the possibility of absorbing Italian emigration. The same must be said of the controlling influence which has been acquired across the Adriatic in Albania.

In the main it is France who now stands in the way of Italy — the France who, after losing a gigantic colonial empire in the fight for sea supremacy against Britain which ended in the battle of Trafalgar, has since the defeats of 1814 and 1871 occupied Algiers, Tunis and Morocco, the most desirable Mediterranean borderlands. This explains why we find in post-War diplomatic groupings Italy, the member of the victorious coalition, leading the chorus of the dissatisfied, claiming revision of oppressive treaties and forming certainly today within Europe the nucleus of all the forces aiming at a coalition powerful enough to encircle and crush France. But Italy herself is both on land and sea still considerably inferior to France, particularly if the alliance of France with Yugoslavia is taken into account. And even a coalition between Italy, Germany, Austria and Hungary and Bulgaria would leave these States, considering the shocking inequality in armament, hopelessly inferior to the forces France and the Little Entente could muster.

The interior developments in Germany and Italy have shown vast differences and the most important is the fact that Italy was united in a revolution sweeping away all kings and rulers except the Pope in the Vatican, while with the entirely different history and genius of the German people unification of the Reich could only be brought about by voluntary agreement between the ruling German families representing the tribal entities established by history in the Reich. In both countries the tremendous difficulties of achieving lasting success in foreign policy have led to concentrating dictatorial power in the hands of a small group or of one man believed to be an efficient leader. As long as there is hope that ultimate success will crown this abdication of all the liberties and the rights dear to the

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hearts of the people, such supreme power will last and be supported by public opinion. Should even this abdication and concentrated effort prove unsuccessful, it is to be feared that the national forces might break out in a tidal wave submerging all dams and carrying devastation over broad stretches of land. Concentrated nationalism and concentrated power in the hands of one man trusted by nationalism is the very essence of Italian Fascism and it looks very much as if it would be the essence of German Fascist-Nationalism now in full power.

Now, after sketching the recent history of the two European newcomers, let us have a look at the Empire of the Rising Sun in the Pacific Ocean.

Japan had developed through many centuries a culture of her own, the remnants of which, particularly in the domain of art and architecture, have charmed and deeply influenced the Western world. When increasing facilities of communication and trade brought this autochthonous Japanese civilization in contact with the Western world, then already following fast the ideals of mechanization, Japan, deeply disgusted at the shapelessness and informality of this Western machine-ridden culture, shut herself up hermetically and was in acute danger of being once and for all out-distanced, sure to become within one generation an easy prey to the superiority of Western technique. A few enlightened statesmen conceived the idea of transforming the Empire of the Mikado into a completely modern power, and they achieved by daring and wisdom combined the most astounding success of regeneration and recasting ever witnessed in modern history.

So far the vision of Western machine age civilization, injected into the systems of older cultures, particularly of the Mohammedan States, had proved so destructive that even the generations which had attempted to save states by Western reform had been doomed as a rule themselves to watch the destruction of the old and venerable structure they had tried to save. To keep as much as possible the admirable structure erected by a chivalrous and warlike aristocracy in an efficiently modernized and democratized parliamentary country, to develop science, art and craft of modern industry in a country practically without coal and iron, the two essentials of the modern machine age, gradually to push back the greatest empire in the world, Russia, were tasks which might have frightened even the most daring and the most optimistic. The great men of the Meiji era successfully carried through their whole reform programme, changing as by magic the Japanese Empire into a modern world power.

The task facing them in foreign politics was terrific. Russia, in area and population the greatest power of the world, at the time when the United States and Canada were pushing their transcontinental lines rapidly towards the Pacific, had been using the gigantic resources of the Tsars for reaching the Pacific shores in time to play a decisive rôle in the great drama for predominant power in the Pacific. Nature has

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been particularly ungenerous to Russia in the question of outlets to the sea. Leaving out of the picture the harbors of the Northern seas closed by ice many months in the year, she had natural access only to the Baltic Sea, which is practically a land-locked lake in time of war, and to the Black Sea, which again is shut off from the outside world by the straits of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles, narrow channels controlled by a foreign power. Finding her expansion even into the Mediterranean blocked by England and Germany, into the Balkans by Austria, Russia turned her energy towards acquiring a broader basis in the Far East, making first Vladivostok, "the ruler of the Far East," her principal harbor in the Pacific. But Vladivostok too was ice-bound for many months in the year, and therefore Russian efforts concentrated on Port Arthur, an ice-free harbor in the Yellow Sea. Port Arthur was secure only when the branch line leading from the Siberian Railway down to the mighty fortress was secure in Russian hands. This meant Manchuria and incidentally the peninsula of Korea in Russian hands, coming close to the shores of the main Japanese islands.

A glance at the map shows convincingly that, had Russia consolidated her power in Korea and Manchuria, all hopes of the Empire of the Rising Sun for a predominant and independent rôle were doomed to disappointment. She therefore decided that Russia must be fought and pushed back, and made the decisive diplomatic maneuver of an alliance with Great Britain. The incidents of the Russo-Japanese war in Manchuria are still fresh in our memories — the Portsmouth peace negotiations under the auspices of President Theodore Roosevelt, fulfilling only part of Japan's hope, giving her control over Korea, but leaving the fate of Manchuria internationally hazy. There never has been a doubt among the leading political brains in Japan that anything like relative security from further Russian aggression depended on rolling back much farther the possibility of Russian attacks on the Asiatic mainland. Choosing with mature judgment the opportune moment, Japan has by a few rapid strokes set up Manchuria and that part of Mongolia better known as Jehol, as a nominally independent state in which Japanese control is firmly entrenched.

This acquisition at the cost of nominal Chinese sovereignty has aroused violent opposition, particularly in the United States and from the League of Nations. The League opposition, however, is by no means as unanimous and as strong as it may seem to a casual observer. It is most unlikely that Great Britain, who sticks with great tenacity to the essential basis of her foreign policy, would really risk permanently injuring her precious relations with Japan for a question in which her practical interest is nil. In fact, closer analysis will reveal that none of the great powers represented in the League of Nations is really whole-heartedly in favor of the policy pursued at Geneva, but anyhow Japan could not avoid stirring up a good deal of international unrest and discontent, giving to the Japanese population the impression

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that the whole outside world had combined for hemming in Japanese expansion.

For the time being, in the opinion of well-informed observers, the Soviet experiment in Russia would prevent the former Tsardom from any big adventure in the Far East, transport certainly being its weakest feature. A Far Eastern war, which would be in the main a transport war, might encounter insuperable difficulties and delay, if not imperil the whole Communist experiment. Therefore Japan will have time to overcome the enormous and acute difficulties which are created by a tenacious Chinese resistance in Manchuria and possibly Jehol, by the actively hostile spirit in the hundreds of millions of Chinese in China proper, by diplomatic resistance from Russia and America, both attempting to draw closer together, and by an unsatisfactory economic and financial situation in the Mikado's land. As was pre-War Germany, post-War Japan is threatened after two generations of masterful diplomacy and heroic fighting by a three-cornered coalition, hers between China and Soviet Russia, both potential gigantic land powers, and the United States, a strong sea power.

This feeling of being hemmed in and restrained by diplomatic opposition of potentially superior forces has led in the highly strung Japanese public opinion to a practical dictatorship of the military class and to excitement and unrest among the younger generation. Formation of secret societies, violence and murder of unpopular statesmen are symptoms only too familiar to the student of the black days of post-War Germany.

THERE is no doubt that if we consider the practical achievements of the three late-comers in the world's history, German developments are by far the most tragic and unsatisfactory. Italy's future greatness is still undecided, Japan is the only one which has been able systematically to realize a vast programme of increasing her national security, although the carrying out of this programme has saddled her with threatening future problems and acute economic difficulties.

In all three countries the very fact that they are late-comers and that the acquisition of even a modest share of the good things of this world is made increasingly difficult for them by the combined resistance of those who possess good things already has led to a high tension of public opinion, particularly in the younger generation. It may be hard to restrain this tension should even dictatorial leadership prove unable to achieve national aspirations.

It seems to be a noble and fruitful goal for a statesmanship seeing world events from a lofty point of view and looking at the distant future, never to lose sight of the most important fact that there are newcomers in the domains of nations, too, and that a wise and discriminating policy of the strongest powers, particularly England and the United States, can mold the world so that the struggle of the newcomers for their place in the sun will not develop into a permanent peril to the happiness of the world and the future of our ancient civilizations.

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The Penny-Divers

By Albert Halper

A Story

Every year, as soon as the first warm days of summer came, Adolph, the gardener, would be pestered by the children. They arrived in droves, running over the lawns of Union Park, and kept at his heels until, angered, the solid healthy Dutchman would turn from his horticulture to brandish vigorously his rake. Then they would scatter, laughing and screaming, but in a few minutes would be back again, like a batch of determined sparrows, and Adolph, grunting, would throw up his hands.

This happened every year. Day after day the children dogged Adolph's heels, asking him when the pond would be open for swimming, and time after time Adolph would answer that it wasn't up to him to say the word. He spoke a heavy, guttural English and when he grew excited his tanned face turned beet-red, as though his head had suddenly filled to the brim with blood, then he would shower German on all sides, bombarding the kids with his foreign talk.

The store-room of the gardeners' tools was in the basement of the park police station, and when the mass of kids grew too obnoxious Adolph would scowl at the ground, would stand there thinking, then would say: "I guess I go to store-room for other rake and clippers. This tool I got in my hand iss no gude," and, picking up his implements, he would go toward the police station, trudging along, his thick hairy hands gripping the tools. The kids, standing in their tracks, would watch him going off. One or two of them would call out after Adolph, but all the others stood silent. None of them followed; all feared the big sprawling police station which sat in the middle of the fine garden, with trim gravel paths leading up to the front door.

After Adolph went into the building a police clerk wearing suspenders would come out on the front porch, would stare at the kids and then call them over. They would advance, cautiously and with lowered glances.

"Why don't you kids go home?" the clerk would say. "We can't open the pond for swimming until the twenty-fifth of June. You're wasting your time hanging around and bothering Adolph. Why don't you kids go home?"

The children, standing silent like little old men, wouldn't answer the

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question. After staring at them, after scowling a bit, the clerk would go inside, allowing the screen door to bang. Then, in five or ten minutes, dispersing sluggishly, the kids would go slowly home. When the field was clear again, Adolph, his tools in his hands, would emerge from the basement, and once again you could hear the sharp clip, clip, clip, as he trimmed the hedges.

AT THAT time my father owned a small grocery on Lake Street, right across from the park, and I was ten years old. The neighborhood, once the scene of grandeur in the 'Nineties, was now a section of gloomy tenements, rooming houses, stables and factories, while a few blocks north, on Carrol Avenue, were the big breweries and flour mills.

The small park, about two blocks wide and three blocks long, was sprinkled with tarnished statues, the best known of which was the heroic figure of a helmeted policeman standing with palm upraised in a gesture of quelling authority, his glance hard up Randolph Street. This statue, the monument dedicated to the constabulary who fell in the ugly Haymarket riots of over forty years ago, was pressed into service by the children as a training camp for mountain climbing, it was so big and tall. Kids were always scaling the twenty-foot height to shade their brows like Indian scouts and report that all was going well along the Randolph Street car tracks.

The neighborhood swarmed with the poor. Everywhere you looked you saw kids, on Saturdays, scouring the alleys and the backs of foundries for old iron, milk bottles and copper scraps which they sold to the numerous little junk shops along Lake Street. And a short block to the east, on Sheldon Street near the gas company, the Negroes were edging up, so that when summer came and the park was thrown open, the powerful Illinois sun beat down upon the bony shoulders of the blacks, as well as on the little pale bodies of the white kids. But the pond was big and though there were occasional race riots on the South Side, there was room enough for all here.

The opening of the lagoon for swimming purposes was something of an event among the juvenile population on the West Side. Around the twenty-third or the twenty-fourth of the month the children would be keyed to fever-pitch, because at that date the public schools were also closed, and these two great events, coinciding, were enough to bowl any kid over.

On the twenty-third of June the big, shallow lagoon was drained, with two or three hundred little kids standing around watching. After the water had disappeared down the huge sewer, the cement bottom of the pond, like an ugly deep-sea monster, showed its slimy, greenish back. The wide concrete floor of the lagoon was sprinkled with rocks and stones which we kids had been throwing in all fall and spring, and at the sudden sight of that slimy, messy surface the horde of children hesitated.

But the deep, booming voice of Adolph aroused them. He would stand there shouting: "You want to swim, hey, you want to cool off in the heat, hey? Well, get busy now!"

Then the kids fought for the

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hoses, the big bristling brooms, and in a second the whole place hummed with activity. Adolph scattered pounds and pounds of scouring powder from a big can and we scrubbed the greenish slime away while scores of other kids bent their little backs and picked up the countless stones and rocks. All of us went barefoot; our ages ranged from five up to twelve years.

It took a full day to clean the bottom of the pond, sometimes two days. The lagoon was shaped like a dumb-bell, with a small sturdy bridge spanning the narrow bottleneck; but one part of the lagoon was larger than the other. Kids liked to swim and dive under the bridge because it was cool there.

After the place had been thoroughly scoured and the rocks and stones picked up, Adolph would turn on the water which shot up from an upright pipe to a tremendous height, like a gusher; and at the first spurt of the stream the whole crowd of kids started cheering.

But as it took ten hours for the lagoon to fill, there would be no swimming until the next day. Even so, kids were always running back to the park to see how high the water was, while off to one side, mopping his sunburnt face, stood Adolph, who had been relieved of his horticultural duties and was now in charge of the park's swimming department.

The next day, very early in the morning, Adolph, with the help of a few other gardeners, erected the two big shaky tents which were to serve as our dressing-rooms. These tents, used from season to season, were about twenty-five feet long and fifteen feet wide, one tent for boys, the other for the girls. Wind and rain had long ago discolored them and as the city didn't appropriate any further funds, the tops of them were covered with patches. Inside were wooden benches, and in this small place were sometimes huddled, changing clothes, a couple of hundred kids, stepping on each other, bending, squirming and shifting about.

It was messy inside. We would slip and slide on old pieces of wet newspaper, on soaked tights, and if the day was cloudy it would be quite dark inside. From the other tent, which was about five yards away and also staked to the ground, came the giggles and chatter of the girls. Sometimes we talked from tent to tent, shouting; and if a tough kid were in our tent he would threaten to come over and push the girls' tent-flap back, to get a look at them undressing, and this was always good for five solid minutes of screaming, until Adolph, a stick in his hand, would appear on the scene.

There were no life-guards. Adolph, in old clothes and his heavy gardener's boots, strode around the edge of the pond keeping things in order.

During the first week or so, all of us had bad cases of sunburn. We wore fifteen-cent, short cotton tights and after our skin had peeled, our backs grew brown, also our faces, and we started to appear healthy. There was no sand, so we lay with our backs against the hard, hot cement, while the shouts and tiny screams of the hundreds in the water floated up toward the blazing sun.

Of course, there were many miles of public sandy beaches in the city,

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but those stretches were only along the South and North Sides of the city, and kids who lived on the West Side were up against it — unless they had the price of the trolley fare to reach the beaches.

Besides, kids who were expert divers could sometimes return home after a hard afternoon's work with a pants' pocket heavy with pennies.

WHO started this penny-diving business, I do not recall. I remember that one Saturday, late in the afternoon, I was in the water underneath the stone bridge where it was cool, when I saw a sudden scramble just a short distance away. Some one standing on the bridge above had let fall a penny and in a flash the kids nearby had dived for it. There was a great thrashing of water, a tangle of arms, of feet, then one kid came up sputtering, holding in his fist a shiny copper coin.

That started it. I didn't see the first man who had thrown down the penny, but in a little while, after the kids had stared up squinting in the sun, their little cupped hands uplifted in begging gestures, a few more coins began striking the water. This brought a great press of kids up, who fought, scratched and kicked to get at the money.

A little later, more grown-ups gathered on the bridge over our heads and I remember one tall stout woman wearing a big floppy white summer hat dropping down a nickel. This almost caused a riot.

The next day, late in the afternoon at about five o'clock when a few men and women had gathered on the bridge to watch the swarm in the water, a few small boys could be seen diving, ducking and showing-off directly underneath the people standing on the bridge. The grown-ups began to stare down, watching the exhibition.

Then one of the kids, glancing up, put his hands to his mouth and shouted: "Say, mister, throw us a cent and we'll dive for it, huh?"

Pretty soon a man tossed a penny down, there was a scramble for it and as the kids came up puffing and blowing, the man tossed another cent into the water.

From then on there grew up, among the stronger kids, a group of penny-divers. At first there was kicking, scratching and dirty work done beneath the water's surface, but after a while things straightened out until the business took on some sort of order. A vague code of ethics grew up. For instance, no kid was allowed to stick his finger into another diver's nostrils or ears while under water. Shoving and kicking were allowed, but no scratching, no gouging.

In a few weeks penny-diving got to be a science. In all parts of the lagoon you could see little kids practising how to dive. Sometimes they worked in pairs, the future divers; one of them would tell his pal to count up to fifty while he himself remained under water; and if he could stay below for the allotted length of time, he felt himself qualified to go forth to the fray. Of course, if his pal lied, or counted very, very slowly, this complicated matters.

The most lucrative afternoon of all was on Saturday. On that day most people got off from work early and as the neighborhood was dotted with rooming-houses many men and

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women used to stroll through the park or sit on the benches. Also, Saturday was generally pay-day, with a week-end spirit in the air.

As soon as three or four o'clock came around, a select group of divers would put on an exhibition near the bridge, standing on their hands under the water, wiggling their toes, showing off. When the grown-ups gathered to watch, one kid, as a final number, would clamber upon another fellow's shoulders, would pose there a while, then would dive in with a great whacking splash, on purpose. We always put on a show beforehand; already we had learned how to be shrewd salesmen of our wares.

And when the right moment arrived, after the big splash of the high-diver, one of us would squint up and prod some man on the bridge to toss a penny into the water. We searched, and if we found a man standing with a young woman, we asked him first.

"Come on, be a sport, what's a penny, mister?" we would shout up at him, and the man, ashamed to be thought a piker by his girl, would toss down the first coin. After that, the rest was easy. A steady trickle of pennies would be tossed down until the sun rolled over the town, until we stood there in the chill of early dusk, shivering in the water, our lips blue, our cheeks bulging with the pennies we had retrieved.

When the people on the bridge would go off for supper, leaving the bridge deserted, we would sit shivering on the bank, counting up our earnings. Sometimes one of us went home with as much as thirty cents. We would go back to the tent, change clothes and all the way out of the park we could be seen spitting to the ground, to get the bitter taste of the copper pennies from our mouths.

Now when I remember it, very few of us could swim more than twenty or thirty feet, but all of us could dive. We could do a stroke called the dog-paddle, but it was tiring and we had no time or inclination to master easier strokes. But we could dive like fiends and could stay under water a long, long time. We learned the trick of following a man's eyes up on the bridge, of watching how he held his arm, and as soon as the coin left his hand we were hot after it. The first one on the spot usually got it, so all of us concentrated on speed. And as soon as the first diver went under for the cent, he set up a mighty thrashing with his feet, so that the splashing torrent would blind and confuse his fellows.

Toward the end of July business had picked up to such an extent that there were too many kids diving, and this caused the return of the previously outlawed tricks, such as gouging and scratching under water. Many fights broke out and once or twice, when a certain kid was going through the park in the falling dusk with his hard-earned coppers in his pockets, he was set upon by two or three disgruntled divers turned highwaymen and held down to the ground until robbed. This caused the merger of two or three cliques of divers, and after that there were no more hold-ups; each clique left in a body after dressing in the tent.

Then one day the best diver of us all, Eddie Ryan, sneezed under

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water with his mouth full of money, and as he stood gasping and sputtering for breath, he coughed out all his pennies. All of us dived for his coppers on the instant and there was a great thrashing around the spot for fifteen minutes. Eddie shouted and threatened, but there were too many of us; finally he appealed to our sportsmanship, but we jeered at him. He was a wiry, Irish kid, growing fast, and had a head of jet black hair as coarse as a horse's mane. For a while he stood frowning at the water, then seemed to have made up his mind about something.

At the next toss of a coin he was first on the spot and picked it from the bottom of the pond neatly. Then he shouted toward the edge of the water where his five-year-old brother was wading.

"Here, you!" he yelled and his little brother Danny looked up. Danny also had the same jet black, coarse hair and started wading toward deeper water to his brother, but Eddie waved him back, advancing himself. When they met in one foot of water Eddie handed his brother the penny and said: "From now on you're my banker, see? You stand here where it isn't deep and I'll give you the money to keep for me. You hold onto it tight, see? Afterwards — well, maybe I'll give you a penny for being my banker, see?"

Little Danny, who was crazy about his older brother, nodded his head quickly and smiled; you could see he had a tooth missing up in front.

So that started the banking system. After that, every diver who had a younger brother followed Eddie Ryan's example. I myself did the same; I told my kid brother to stand in shallow water near the bridge while I dived, and when I had retrieved a coin we would meet halfway and he'd take it from me. With our cheeks freed from the coppers we could dive better; we could hold our breaths longer under water without the fear of having our pennies pop out from our mouths as we rose gasping for air.

Those divers who had no brothers were up against it; they had to hire a kid to "bank" for them, and sometimes a "banker" absconded. And the rates for these outside bankers were frequently higher than brothers; no kid would bank for you unless you promised him a fair percentage, something like ten per cent. So if you earned twenty pennies, you had to hand over two coppers. If you had a brother all you had to give him was a cent; that was plenty. And if he'd grumble or holler, you could shout at him: "Well, you're holding all the money, I'm letting you keep track of it, ain't I?" and this brought silence and accord.

Well, things were going pretty well in our new profession and a finer code of ethics was now visible among the boys. The pond was drained out every Monday morning, because by that time the water was cloudy and dirty and dangerous slime had begun to gather on the bottom, making accurate diving rather difficult. We helped Adolph scrub the cement surface and after the fresh flow of cold water had run in, it was exhilarating to dive about and we could see our grasping, searching fingers against the bottom under water. All of us learned to swim

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under water with our eyes wide open.

In the middle of the week, though, business was bad. It was so bad that after a while Eddie Ryan got his brother Danny to stand on the edge and sing, in his high quavering falsetto, a dreary Irish song. I have forgotten the name of it, but it was a very dismal-sounding number. Anyway, after Danny was through singing, all of us penny-divers in the water would instantly burst into furious applause at the finish and be ready for donations to hit the water. But even so, business in the middle of the week was pretty slow.

Then one late afternoon there appeared on the scene a tall fat man with a canary-colored derby. He wore a checked race-track suit of a fancy cut and also twirled a cane. Above his upper lip was a neat black mustache and now when I recall him I think of the heavy-handed type of villain who took all the rascally parts in the old-time twenty-five-cent melodramas which ran in the big, drafty Imperial Theater on Western Avenue and Madison Street before the house changed to a burlesque show. But this fellow, this big fat newcomer with the two-bit mustache, was our hero; it was he who tossed out nickels and, sometimes, dimes!

He was a great hit with us right from the start. And after his first appearance, as soon as we saw him coming up the path toward the bridge, we started cheering his arrival, which he acknowledged with a deft twirl of his slender cane. Then Eddie Ryan would motion to his little brother Danny who was standing in shallow water near the shore and immediately Danny, lifting up his quavery warble, would announce the newcomer with that dreary serenade of his. The big fat man, hearing all this fuss and bother at his appearance, would laugh heartily and inaugurate his arrival with the tossing of a dime. Folks on the bridge made way for him right then and there. He always timed himself so that he came upon the scene just as the last rays of the setting sun were slanting across the water and I believe he was somewhat vain and attempted to be theatrical. At any rate, his appearance signalled big money and was the final spurt of the day; and though we were tired out by the time he came, our bodies suddenly revived and when we dived after his coins we kicked out harder than ever. When he left the bridge, the other grown-ups followed. Who he was I never found out, but I suspect he was some petty gambler living in a rooming-house over on Monroe Street.

Toward the end of the summer we had become such good divers that several kids began working in pairs, because the competition was getting too keen. They used coöperative football tactics; one fellow near a dropped coin would dive for it, while his partner would try to block off the others. This partnership eliminated a banker, as the partners gave all their pennies to but one kid now, and so the overhead was cut down. Following this, owing to a surplus of "released" bankers, the fee of all banking came down, because there were always stray kids hanging around who would bank for you for a penny less. This in turn brought the prices of kids who banked for their

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older brothers practically down to zero, but, owing to the thrill of holding so many pennies in their fists, the kid brothers, to discourage competition, agreed to bank for nothing. So everybody was satisfied all around.

One Saturday afternoon late in August when the sun was going down, a newcomer appeared on the scene among the divers — a girl!

Slim, athletic-looking and about twelve years old, we immediately sensed that she presented a problem. And at the first tossing of a coin, our worst fears were realized — the girl dived and swam under water like an eel, and there was something determined about her small firm jaw. She had retrieved the first coin instantly, snatching it a split second before Eddie Ryan had had a chance to touch it.

The performance stunned us. Up on the bridge the men in the crowd burst into applause. The girl, quiet and modest, acknowledged with a curt nod of her blond cropped head. She stood there waiting. In a little while there was a quick sprinkling of coins, all tossed near the girl who dived so fast after them that it made us dizzy to watch her.

Finally Eddie Ryan called a few of us aside, we held a conference and at the next toss of a coin Eddie and I grabbed at the girl's legs while another kid sat on her under water. Immediately the crowd upon the bridge clamored for fair play; the men up there threatened not to toss another penny down if we did any more of that dirty work. The girl rose from the water, angry and sputtering, but as a dime struck the water near her she dived and got it and so was appeased right away.

Off to one side, in shallow water, keeping his balance with difficulty on the slimy bottom, little Danny Ryan began calling the girl dirty names. He was a very patriotic little brother and couldn't bear to see a better diver than Eddie on the scene. He pointed his finger at the girl and made fun of her; and at that moment we saw her for the first time critically, taking note of her. She didn't wear a bathing suit but had on a long, dirty suit of winter underwear which clung tightly to her body. When Danny made fun of her bathing suit she started to get red in the face; she went into deeper water, up to her armpits then.

But up on the bridge the men in the crowd kept tossing their coins her way. At first she stuck the coppers in her mouth, but after an attempt at underwater gouging, she hired a banker on the shore who waded toward her and took the coins; she counted them over carefully first.

From then on, the lagoon under the bridge was bedlam. We kicked, we thrashed, we coöperated, and yet the girl amassed the largest amount of money.

And later on, when the sun was going down, our hero, the fat man with the canary-colored derby and loud, race-track suit, came into sight, swinging his cane, chuckling deep down in that fleshy neck of his as he pushed his way forward until he was leaning over the rail. As soon as he came up, the men on the bridge told him about the newcomer, the girl diver, and the first coin the fat fellow tossed spun right at the girl's

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feet; she dived for it in a flash and came up with it, a dime!

Little Danny Ryan, in one foot of water, was so worked up that he started hopping up and down and called out to his brother Eddie to punch the girl in the nose. The crowd on the bridge, in a good-natured Saturday afternoon mood, howled.

For the next fifteen minutes a record bunch of pennies hit the water. The pond was clouded and dirty as usual, it being Saturday, and we had to stay under water very long, using every ounce of skill to find the coppers. We came up winded and blowing, heaving, drawing our tights higher. For a while the girl stood off to one side, resting, and we thought everything would be fine after that, when suddenly the coins stopped falling; the men, anxious to see keen competition, were waiting for the girl to dive again; they held their pennies until she got her wind, then started tossing the coins near her.

On the shore, seeing this happen, little Danny Ryan again rose up in wrath; he shrilled out invectives at the girl; he stood there in water reaching his knees and finally threatened to come out himself and punch the girl in the nose. Everybody laughed, even Eddie, there was something so comical about Danny when he got sore.

By this time the last of the sunlight was dying and the big fat man in the canary-colored derby was about ready to leave. He stood there chewing vaguely on his underlip, a little tired of the sport now, and stared at the young girl in the water whose long winter suit of underwear stuck to her as slick as a sausage skin. I saw him shake his head to himself, as if a fly was buzzing near him. Finally, as a grand farewell gesture, he announced that as his last toss he would fling out twenty cents, two nickels and ten pennies, all at once!

When we heard that, all the divers started dancing in the water, watching his eyes, his arm, keeping close to the girl. The big fellow laughed boomingly. He made a few false movements of his hand, signaled to the girl to edge off a bit from the others, feinted again, then was about ready to throw when Danny set up a shrill monkey chatter near the shore. The kid was so worked up that his face was red, and he shook his fist at the fat man on the bridge.

"I won't sing for you any more, you big fat mister!" he hollered. "You see if I do! My brother Eddie is the best diver. I'll punch that girl in the nose too, just watch me!"

And in the sudden burst of laughter that followed, the big fellow flung wide his coins. Immediately there was a terrific scramble, a great writhing, a squirming of little bodies, a tremendous splashing and powerful kicking of feet. We dived again and again and, because there was no time now to give our bankers the coins we picked up, we stuck the money into our mouths right away and dived some more.

In ten minutes, just as dusk was falling, we had accounted for all the twenty cents flung out. A few of us had long scratches up and down our backs and sides, where the toe-nails of feet had furrowed us. Seeing that we had retrieved all, the fat man left and the other grown-ups on the

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bridge soon followed, while the penny divers called their bankers over for an accounting. The girl, drawing her banker out of sight, disappeared.

SUDDENLY the lagoon near the bridge went quiet. Eddie Ryan was calling for his brother. He stood there in shallow water looking for Danny, and called and called for him; and little by little we could see a look of terror creeping into his face.

It was getting dim and the pond was empty; the air, now that the sun had gone down, was chilly and we stood about shivering, our knees and jaws knocking together. Eddie went over to my kid brother.

"Did you see Danny?" he said.

My brother, who had been busy banking for me, shook his head.

Then Eddie started calling again, not staring at the water. We helped him look along the gravel paths, in the bushes, but we couldn't find him. Finally Eddie came back again to the pond. The early evening wind was stirring the water, sending little ripples toward the shore.

Suddenly, taking long strides and sobbing, he plunged in, thrashing his arms around in the water, feeling about. He began to scream. The rest of us stood rooted to the spot, then waded out to help him. We looked for ten minutes, then some one ran off in search of Adolph.

In a little while the gardener came up puffing, rolling his sleeves back, with a rake under his arm. He plunged into the water, not bothering to take his boots off and asked where Danny had been standing. We pointed.

Then he raked the water. In the fading light he looked like a madman. At last something caught on his rake and he squatted down in the water, clothes and all. He brought up Danny right away, waded toward the bank and started running to the police station.

In five minutes the pulmotor squad from the gas company on Sheldon Street arrived and while Danny lay stretched out on the garden lawn we formed a semi-circle, still shivering and half-naked, and watched. Eddie's face was a pitiful thing to see; he kept gnashing his teeth and shaking his head like an overheated dog worrying a stick of wood.

The squad worked over the body for almost an hour. Once I thought I saw Danny's legs jerk, but it had merely been one of the men shifting the apparatus over Danny's head.

In the end some one ran for Danny's uncle — the kids were fatherless — and Mr. Ryan came, a tall, powerfully built man with a soft and tawny beard. He was a strange silent fellow and was much talked about in the neighborhood, because it was said he was studying some Eastern religion, and this was odd, because he was a plumber with a shop on Fulton Street. He stood on the outskirts, his eyes screwed up in pain, while one of his hands kept tugging gently at the tip of his beard.

After almost a full hour, just as the park lamps lit up the early darkness, the squad rose, defeated. Mr. Ryan, coming forward and claiming the boy as his nephew, lifted up the body and without saying a word carried Danny home. Eddie, whimpering like a cur, shivering, still half-naked in his tights, trailed his uncle with dragging steps.

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By this time a great crowd had collected and though people followed Mr. Ryan as he walked, they kept decently behind, asking us questions in low, hushed voices. Mr. Ryan reached Lake Street just as an express train roared by above us on the Elevated; he crossed the trolley tracks and walked up the side street going toward his home, still holding the limp, half-naked body of his drowned nephew in his arms.

And that was the last of the penny-diving. The next day a policeman was detailed at the bridge and no more coins were allowed to be tossed down at us. Soon after we all went back to school.

Prologue

By Frances Frost

Though I contrived a strength against the spring,
These tight buds break as they were grown upon
My heart's dry thicket, forcing it to green,
Which had forsworn all eager blossoming.

Though I walked tight-lipped into March, this harsh
Bright crying of hidden frogs assails the dusk,
Lifting from melted meadows, as if it came
Fiercely out of my heart's deserted marsh.

If I am altered by the acrid, wet,
Chill scent of woods whose hollows hold the first
Hepaticas, and by the bitter throat
Of the slow hawk whose stretched dark wings are set

Upon my heart's horizon, if this new
Hesitant tenderness of grass might be
Grown on my heart's scarred acre, and with thirst
I turn again toward love, as leaves toward rain,
Be sure that I give no consent thereto.

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For Honest Capitalism

By P. W. Wilson

What does the common man reasonably expect of the capitalist system?

The dramatic inauguration of President Roosevelt and the amazing activity of the new Administration at Washington have shown that in one country, at any rate, the people have had enough of depression and mean to bring it to an end. Few anywhere in the civilized world have escaped a loss of property. For many millions, the loss involves privation. Other millions are reduced to calamitous unemployment. The financial structure itself is shaken. In Great Britain, sterling has been driven off the gold standard. Despite her gold reserve, the United States has had to face a moratorium, brief but historic, applied to every bank in the country.

Experts and economists say their say. There is a voluminous output of speeches, reports, books and statistics, dealing with credit, currency and other financial mysteries. But it is no expert, no economist who will pronounce the final verdict on the supreme issue that has arisen. The arbiter is Everyman. However important may be the Wall Streets, there are not many of them. But Main Street is universal.

The perennial question is how the needs of the race are to be satisfied, and in his demands on society, no one can allege that Everyman has been exacting. He does not yearn for yachts. He does not plead for palaces. His luxuries are vicarious and he enjoys them at the movie. Never in history has Everyman demanded of the community what the community has a right to refuse. What was it that stilled the clamors of the mob in Rome? Merely *panem* — that is, bread — and *circenses* — or an occasional Lord Mayor's Show. In the English-speaking world, Everyman is still reasonable. He respects authority. In the United States, he votes Democratic or Republican, not Communist. In Great Britain, he supports a National Government.

What is Everyman's idea of economics? He wishes to work for a living. He asks why he was born into the world at all and educated at the public espense if there is to be no work for him to do. In return for his work, he considers that he is entitled to a living wage. It is his instinct — and he is told that it is his duty — to put by money for a rainy day. If then he is thus thrifty, he can

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not see why there should not be some place where money, so saved, will still belong to him. For the use of his savings by others, he thinks it only fair that he should be paid at a reasonable rate of interest. In any country where these elementary equities are guaranteed in substance by law and custom there can not be so much as a thought of social revolution.

If, then, Everyman is now asking some serious questions, it is because his equities have been infringed. It is not alone that certain speculators on the Stock Exchange have taken a chance and lost. Nor is it only that certain supermagnates — Kreuger and Lowenstein, Hatry and Insull — have vanished from the scene. Multitudes of people who never speculated, who never were supermagnates, have been penalized, as they think, through no fault of their own. We have learned that among banks, the weakness of the weak affects the strength of the strong. So it is with countries. If institutions are anywhere insecure, there is, to that extent, a lesser security for all mankind. The unrest in Europe is obvious. In Germany and Japan it is expressed in ultra-patriotism. The United States herself is deeply stirred.

Everyman is no theorist. But he has been brought to realize that the well-being of society, himself included, depends on the interchange of values, expressed in commodities and services. This interchange has been developed hitherto according to a system of economics known popularly as capitalism. But capitalism is no longer alone in the field. The Communist has arrived, and he declares that the essential interchange can only be unimpeded if the means of production and distribution are owned and controlled by one authority, namely, the State. He points persistently to the depression as a proof that he is right.

There has always been, especially in the United States, a deep distrust of the Russian experiment. Even in the material plane, its success is disputable, and whatever success there may be, is due to industrial leadership imported from countries where such leadership is developed by private enterprise. The various "plans" have been accompanied by a truly catastrophic sacrifice of cultural and spiritual liberty. Hence the determination outside Russia to solve the industrial problem without surrendering to a disastrous pilgrimage along the *via dolorosa* that leads to the new Golgotha in Moscow.

YET, even in the United States, there has been evidence that we need to be sure of first principles. In the cult of Technocracy, a student, conscious of perspective, finds little new save the name. The entire Nineteenth Century resounded with the complaint that machinery reduces the demand for labor. The experience of that century has discredited the fallacy. But the violence of the Technocratic vogue has been none the less significant — and in essence, the evangel is Communist. Emphasizing the marvels of mass-production, the Technocrat insists that such abundance of supply can only be adjusted to demand if industry as a whole is consolidated under a centralized and expert management which would be, as in

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Russia, no less an authority than the State itself. Like the Communist, the Technocrat abolishes money as we know it and substitutes a new token expressing his conception of energy.

The reply of capital to the Communist and the Technocrat is twofold. The capitalist believes that man should consume more goods and produce them with less labor.

If consumption were what it ought to be, we could not produce too much. To this day, the world as a whole is mainly illiterate. It is deficient in most of the amenities of existence which we have come to regard as necessities. Certain nations are favored. Certain families within those nations are especially favored. But there is no limit to the opportunity of uplifting the standard of life for mankind which is afforded by the application of science to production and means of distribution. It is only because this great and beneficent task has been interrupted that unemployment is exceptional.

Commerce is thus the essential function of the capitalist system, and by commerce there is meant much more than a mere continuity of routine. Trade is not static. It ought to be an ever more complete satisfaction of cumulative wants. To the epidemic of idleness, such trade is the only antidote.

As long as commerce is frustrated, we can not be wholly at ease over the future of the capitalist system, and it is the comprehensive objective of the World Economic Conference to liberate the merchant from his manacles. Nations, subconsciously nervous over the sudden breezes of economic internationalism that sweep across all frontiers, have raised tariffs and other barriers in what is proving to be a hopeless self-protection. Along such frontiers, the embargo on trade must be lifted.

Larger consumption is accompanied by a relief from exhausting toil. For a long time, we have seen a steady shortening of the working year, the working week and the working day. It is a transition that suggests no reason for pessimism. Man is achieving a long delayed mastery over his time and the leisured classes are broadening into leisured masses. For the moment, man hardly knows how worthily to enjoy his new heritage. He depends for his entertainment and recreation on the automobile, the radio, the movie, the enlarged press and other industries which minister, directly or indirectly, to recreation. But in due course, the art of leisure will be acquired. To the higher activities of the mind an age of machinery offers an avenue of approach.

If these two principles — namely, an increasing consumption and a diminishing labor of production — are clearly understood, unemployment is reduced to a growing pain, inevitable to a developing civilization. At any given moment, there must be a certain displacement of labor by the adoption of new machinery, the changing requirements of the people and other inevitable fluctuations of world-wide commerce. Any erratic disturbance like war, revolution or some great natural disaster like an earthquake, has its repercussion on markets.

Marginal unemployment, like marginal ill-health, is thus a phenomenon which capitalism must deal

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with. Its direct effect on homes is often tragic. Its indirect effect is a broad shadow of fear over homes where employment may be, in fact, quite regular. The aim of capitalism should be, then, to reduce unemployment to a minimum, yet not to ignore the minimum that is irreducible.

Great Britain treats this grave calamity to the home as an insurable risk like fire, accident, sickness and death. Her great system of national insurance to which employer, employed and the State contribute in approximately equal amounts would be solvent today — and, indeed, would show a surplus — if it were not for the wholly exceptional magnitude and duration of the economic emergency.

The United States pursues a policy that Great Britain would describe as *laissez-faire*. There is a tendency to depend on grants of public money as relief and on charitable funds which, however large, imply no permanent obligation, and for this caution there are strong reasons. An insurance scheme in the United States, if Federal and compulsory, would require, apparently, a constitutional amendment. In any event, the scheme would be colossal in its ramifications.

Let us make no mistake over what *laissez-faire* involves. If there is to be no "dole" for Everyman, if he has to depend entirely upon savings laid by for a rainy day, those savings ought to be made trebly secure, and this security depends on four factors — personal insurance, banks, currency and investments.

In 1907, the insurance societies were much criticized for indulging in speculative activities and were brought onto their present conservative basis. It is today the turn of the banks, nor is there any reason why reforms, now in progress, should not be as effective in their permanent results.

In Great Britain, there has been a consolidation of small banks into big banks, with branches. The entire strength of the financial system is thus available at any point of danger. During the whole period of the War and reconstruction, there has been no panic and no serious failure of a bank. The problem in the United States, covering a much wider extent of territory, is to arrange for this concentration of available resources at the strategic point of difficulty, while retaining as far as possible the cherished identity of the individual banking activity. For Everyman, there is one essential, and only one, that matters. He demands of his bank that deposits be safe, and he has a right to expect from the country that no bank shall be permitted to invite deposits unless it is known to be fulfilling this condition.

The banker is captain of a ship. His vessel may be registered "A1" at Lloyd's. But, through no fault of his own, he may run into a typhoon that also strikes all the shipping within his latitude and longitude. Against brain-storms in the mass-mind of the community, whatever be the occasion, capitalism must provide emergency measures that can be immediately put into force in case of necessity.

In Great Britain, there was such

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a safety valve and, before the War, it never failed to relieve the situation. The Government "suspended the Bank Act." The magic phrase meant, first, that bank-notes might be printed in excess of the usual limit, and secondly that they were not redeemable, at the moment, in gold. Currency was thus available but gold was conserved, and afterwards the position reverted to normal.

In essentials, the method was applied by President Roosevelt. Looking to the future, with its vista of a banking machinery ever growing in stupendous range and complexity, it may be suggested that there ought to be two recognized safeguards worked out in advance — first, an abundant supply of printed currency, excessive of the usual limits and held apart in a strictly separate reserve. Such reserve currency would obviate the inconvenience of those sudden demands on the printing press which upset England in August, 1914, and complicated the recent crisis in the United States. Secondly, there should be vested in the President an authority to meet the imperative requirements of a panic by making use of this reserve. The depositor will thus know, once for all, that at any time, panic or no panic, he can draw out what is, after all, his own money, have a look at it and put it back again.

At present, all our talk is of the depositor's confidence in his bank. There should also be the bank's confidence in the depositor. Whatever else is to be learned from the recent crisis, one thing is evident. A run on banks arises out of no desire for inflation. On the contrary, if ever there were a drastic form of deflation, it is hoarding. Unless precedents are misleading, the use of an emergency reserve, if wisely controlled, need only be and would only be temporary.

Everyman does not pretend to understand the bearings of the discussion over a managed currency, bimetallism, what is and what is not inflation, and other aspects of an interminable problem. What Everyman asks is simple. It is that his money shall buy commodities at a fair, if variable, market price. If capitalism can not provide such money for daily use, it has ceased to be a workable economic system.

It is a fact of serious importance that, during and since the War, currency should have collapsed throughout most countries of continental Europe, and that sterling itself should have fallen by nearly a third of its value. It is no comfort to Everyman to be told, let us say, that Germany, by obliterating the mark, rid herself of financial obligations. Most of these obligations were Everyman's assets. Nor is there any satisfaction in the specious argument that depreciated currencies fortify tariffs and promote exports. If a rivalry in depreciation of currency is to be added to the economic warfare waged at the custom house, can we be surprised if the capitalist system, thus despoiled of its principles, is brought into disrepute? Tampering with currencies may assist the few for a time. In due course, it is always found to be a disaster to the many. Everyman rightly regards such money, not as a means of stimulating trade, but as the accepted token whereby trade is

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conducted and property is expressed in terms of value. In Great Britain, the fall in sterling may have been unavoidable. But it has been of no real assistance to the nation in its struggle for recovery. Despite all the combing of the registers, there is more unemployment than there was when the Labor Government went out of office.

EVERYMAN is increasingly aware that money is invested. It is not only the insurance and banking corporations who thus buy, hold and sell securities, at home and abroad. In his modest way, the individual learned during the War to put his savings — and even borrowed money itself — into Liberty Bonds. It is a lesson that he has applied to the stock market as a whole. In an ever larger measure, big business is financed, directly or indirectly, by small men.

No capitalist system is complete that omits to furnish — possibly for the first time — a clear code of rules for the management of capital itself. The necessity for such a code is sufficiently demonstrated by the incalculable loss of such property, public and private, throughout the entire civilized and uncivilized world. The accumulated wealth of generations has been swept, as by a hurricane, into the discard.

It would be a mistake to attribute this devastation to the wickedness of financiers. They can not escape from the environment that surrounds the society of which they are a part. The War was not of their making. Nor are they to be blamed for the economic nationalism which by raising tariffs has brought commerce almost to a standstill. But the time has come for recognizing that certain basic principles must be accepted as the condition of credit, and the United States, as an actual and prospective lender, is in a position to define what those principles shall be.

First, we have the inescapable fact that all human affairs are subject to change. No security, therefore, can ever be other than terminable in its value. The period of its existence may be long or short. But it is a period only.

The Jews ended all debts on the year of Jubilee. It was a cruel arrangement. But it embodied an axiom of wisdom. For all capital there should be a sinking fund or its equivalent.

It is not wrong for nations and cities to borrow money for immediate purposes, the cost of which can not be met by revenue. It is wrong for such liabilities to be incurred without provision, not only for interest, but amortization. It is not wrong for wealthy nations to lend money to poorer nations. It is wrong to lend that money — and to borrow it — without a clear guarantee that each loan, so contracted, will be spent honestly on the enterprises to be developed, and, year by year, duly liquidated. The trouble over railway capital, both in the United States and in Great Britain — with drastic reconstructions of many companies in the latter country — would have been avoided if, years ago, there had been a clearer conception of sinking funds. After all, we can not escape from them. If we refuse to write down our assets, they look us impudently in the eye and write down themselves.

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Finally, Everyman has to realize that, in the long run, neither he nor anybody else can get anything for nothing. He may gamble on the stock exchange to his heart's content, but the mathematics of probability are inexorable. If, let us say, gilt-edged securities pay four per cent, that is the maximum interest that can be received without risk of losing on the principal.

In purely supposititious figures, it works out thus: Let us suppose that Government securities and the prior bonds of private enterprises yield a return of four per cent. Let us also suppose that common stocks on which surpluses of profit are distributed and other speculative securities yield six per cent or more. The additional two per cent or more is not to be regarded truly as "income." On the average, it is insurance against depreciation of capital. If this arithmetic were more clearly understood, there would be fewer tears shed over financial "losses."

Gilbert Chesterton has said that Christianity has not failed; it has never been tried. Of capitalism, in the larger and more human meaning of the term, that is also profoundly true. If we wish for a proof that the system is sound in its fundamentals, we have it in the fact that it has survived the terrific shocks of the last twenty years. A collapse of capitalism would leave civilization in chaos, and in certain regions, doubtless, communism would be substituted. But, inevitably, a shattered world would return, however painfully and however slowly, to the elemental desire of man to dwell under his own vine and his own fig-tree. We need be under no illusion as to the lesson — the ancient lesson — that has to be learned afresh from our present experience. It is not enough to say to ourselves that honesty is the best policy. In a financial structure which is built of credit and founded on confidence, honesty is the only policy. A dishonest man is more dangerous than any anarchist.

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The Prohibition Cycle

By John Holley Clark, Jr.

Wets, now rejoicing, may have another conquest by Cannons on their hands when the next depression comes along

Ever since Dutch William came to the English throne in 1688 and started to encourage the distilling of Holland gin to turn an honest penny in taxes for his new kingdom, liquor has been inextricably mixed with Government finances, and liquor policies have been invariably affected by recurrent financial stringencies. Liquor taxes have paid for most wars both of England and America. Locally they have paid for the police supposed to suppress liquor, for education in the evils of alcohol, and for many other things. When times have been hard John Barleycorn has been a valiant standby. He has also been a convenient scapegoat. If depression coincided with license, license was the cause of depression and Prohibition was the cure for both. If depression coincided with Prohibition or shortly followed it, Prohibition was the cause of depression and license was the cure. Like chickens, nations, States and dominions have crossed the road on the liquor question whenever a depression has occurred.

Now we are about to exemplify this by flying from Prohibition because it coincided with a depression. How far we will go no one knows. Perhaps to four per cent beer. Perhaps to beer saloons. Perhaps to Government sale of whiskey *à la* Canada and Russia. Perhaps to sale of whiskey by non-profit making monopolies *à la* Norway and Sweden. Perhaps to free sale of whiskey *à la* the Raines Law of New York. But cross the road we must. And it will perhaps be interesting, while we are taking off, to look back at the other processions, to and from Prohibition, and form some conclusions as to how far we want to go and how far we are apt to go, willy-nilly when we once start off.

Frankly, history would indicate that once a country starts off it is apt to end up, sometimes after years, on the opposite side of liquor regulation or lack of it. If the depression catches the country under Prohibition, or after it has just tried it, prosperity is apt to find the country under license. If a depression catches it under license, prosperity is apt to find it marching merrily toward Prohibition, though not often destined to get there.

To go back to Dutch William, we find in his case the kernel of all the

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trouble since. He was hard up, what with wars, invasions and what not. So hard up in fact that he started the British national debt by borrowing a million pounds from London bankers. But he needed more money still and looked around for sources of revenue. The Dutch drank gin without marked evil results to the people and with very good results to the national treasury. In England distilling was practically unknown. Only the wealthy could afford hard liquor. The common people drank great quantities of beer and ale but almost no spirits. England had the best sort of Prohibition, based on lack of appetite for hard liquors. But there was a depression and William started to change all that. The distilling of cheap gin was encouraged, with the astonishing result that consumption jumped from 540,000 gallons in 1690 to 6,440,000 gallons in 1736. The common people in London were generally drunk and disorderly. They could get "drunk for a penny" or "dead drunk for twopence," as the signs frankly advertised. And they did. Depression had brought liquor in appalling quantities. The reaction, in 1736, brought the world's first Prohibition law, which was repealed for non-enforcement in 1743. But the underlying fact is that because of the desire of the English Government in hard times to turn a penny in taxes by encouraging the distillation of hard liquor the English were converted from a sober beer-drinking nation into the great consumers of gin and whiskey they have been ever since.

England crossed boldly from temperance to drunkenness in the generation that followed the hard times at the end of the Seventeenth Century. It started back toward Prohibition in 1736 and has headed that way frequently since, but except in 1736 has never got farther than the gutter on the Wet side of the street.

WHEN we come to our own country we find that our early forefathers were devoted to hard liquor. Beer was practically unknown in Colonial days and wine was too expensive for common use. Everybody in New England drank rum. In the South they drank rum and fruit brandies. As civilization moved westward whiskey grew up and became the national toddy. Men, women, children, ministers, teachers and business men were steady and serious drinkers of hard liquors. Ministers had rum in their pulpits to refresh them during the sermons. Business houses let their help go at eleven and four to have their drink of liquor. Farmers did the same. Serious drinking was a respectable and universal habit. It was a comparatively cheap indulgence as liquor was untaxed. Rum cost twenty-five cents a gallon and whiskey no more.

By the time the Revolution rolled around the American people were quite a drunken lot, in a sober and serious way. And there were a few men who viewed the situation with alarm.

So when the war was over and our old friend depression raised its ugly head — as it does after wars — Alexander Hamilton in 1790 bethought him of turning an honest penny in taxes on the old reprobate John Barleycorn. He spoke piously of diminishing the use of spirits by

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taxing them, but the people of Pennsylvania were not to be deprived of their liquor by any such benevolent sentiments. A tax was a tax. A tax on liquor was something to fight about. There was a Whiskey Rebellion, with Washington and Hamilton marching with 15,000 troops to stamp it out, and Thomas Jefferson declaiming against the "infernal iniquity" of the excise.

Hamilton helped pay for the Revolution by his tax and in its modest way it diminished the sale of liquor somewhat. It was in a sense a prohibitory reaction from the depression that followed the Revolution. But in 1800 Jefferson came bounding into office on the reaction to this and other unpopular policies. The tax fell into desuetude — except for a short revival to pay for the War of 1812 — and America fell back into its pre-Revolutionary almost comatose state.

In 1819 came another depression, the most serious up to then experienced. Something had to be done about liquor. But what? Taxing it was too unpopular. All that was left was to urge people not to drink it and to prohibit its sale. Both things were done with a vengeance.

Beginning in a small way in 1819 the Temperance Reformation swept the country until by 1829 over 1,250,000 men were claimed to be in temperance societies pledged to abstain from hard liquors. Consumption was cut from two-and-a-half gallons per capita to one gallon per capita, a tremendous reduction. At the same time towns, counties and a few cities refused licenses to liquor sellers, in the naïve faith that if there were no licenses to sell, none would sell. Again in a liquor-ridden country a depression had started a prohibitory movement.

Gradually, however, the enthusiasm for abstinence waned, the laws against license were evaded and the country found drunkenness and prosperity creeping back hand in hand. In 1836 the temperance revival practically broke up when the bone Drys insisted on total abstinence from beer and wine as well as from spirits and the moderate Drys refused to go along. The reformers fought among themselves on the Biblical question whether intoxicating wine had the endorsement of Jesus Christ in his miracles and his life. "Heretic" was hurled by each side at the other, in books, pamphlets and sermons. Everything seemed undone.

But in 1837 came another depression. With liquor *running rampant* and the golden wave of prosperity suddenly receding, the drunks stuck out like tragic wrecks on the dismal shore of want and destitution. Again something had to be done. Again there was a temperance revival led by a group of reformed drunkards in Baltimore who called themselves the Washingtonians. The chief figure developed by the movement was John B. Gough, who stormed the country for twenty years with a reformed drunkard's lectures. In ten years the Washingtonians claimed to have reformed 400,000 drunkards and had a following in their societies of over a million. And legislation came, too. All through New England in the 'Forties no license by counties and townships came into effect. The liquor interests attacked it, but the Supreme Court in 1846 upheld it.

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Finally, in 1850, Maine passed the first Prohibition law, to be followed before 1856 by Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, Delaware, Nebraska — practically every Northern State and a few in the South. The Maine Law Society claimed loudly that the country would soon be all Dry. Again drunkenness in conjunction with a depression had brought decided prohibitory tendencies. This time it had made the country nearly Dry.

But along came the depression of 1857 and all was again changed. No new Prohibition act was passed after the depression came.

THE reactions, liquorwise, of this depression of 1857 are particularly pertinent to our present situation. In spite of all that was then said and is still being said about the failure of Prohibition to prohibit, it was undoubtedly true then as it is now that the mere outlawing of liquor did diminish to some extent the drunkenness that would otherwise have existed. No doubt less drunks were evident on the shore when the wave of prosperity rolled back than there had been in 1819 or in 1837. But even so there must have been many, as there are today, and an urge therefrom to do something about liquor. But nothing looking toward Prohibition could be done for the same reason that nothing of that kind can be done today — namely, that in 1857 as in 1932 Prohibition was thoroughly discredited where it had been tried and abandoned, and only hanging on by its eyeteeth where it still existed.

The New York law of 1855 lasted only as long as it took to get a case to the Court of Appeals, where it was promptly declared unconstitutional amid the jubilations of Tammany Hall and of the socially elect. Other States had repealed. Others had opened the door to beer while the law still stayed on the books, but, as John B. Gough admitted privately to a friend, it was "a dead letter everywhere."

The panic of 1857 found Prohibition in a state of failure — as did the panic of 1930–32.

So whatever the need of prohibitory reform it was out of the question then as it is today.

The only other way out, as is also the case today, was to tax what could not be destroyed, and again there was vital necessity for a tax. The country had a war in prospect then as it has a war in retrospect today. And as wars must be paid for on the instalment plan, it makes little difference from a budgetary standpoint whether you are just before or just after or right in the middle.

From the War of 1812 until the Civil War liquor was untaxed in this country. Lincoln was himself a strong temperance man and had made a number of vigorous talks on outlawing liquor during the Washingtonian movement. But with Prohibition out he turned, as any other statesman would, to taxation of liquor.

The Federal liquor tax was inaugurated in 1862, with the result that the Federal finances leaned from then on more and more heavily on the liquor interests. Uncle Sam tended to encourage liquor consumption for his pocketbook's sake, and

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the liquor interests, with a focal point in Washington, started their national organization, which grew to have enormous power.

The result was the wiping out by 1872 of every prohibitory law except those in Maine, Michigan, New Hampshire and Vermont, the weakening of those that remained, the elimination of the minor restrictions that existed in other States and a vast increase in the consumption of liquor.

By 1873 the number of saloons in the country had risen to 200,000 as against 100,000 ten years before. There was a saloon to every 200 people, a proportion never reached since. One saloon to 500 people is an ample allowance. Beer consumption had tripled and whiskey consumption increased by fifty per cent in ten years. The country, in fact, was drunk and disorderly again.

It took only the violent depression of 1873 to wake people to the fact. And it was a profound awakening. The scenes that followed the depressions of 1819 and 1837 were reënacted on a grander scale.

The woman's crusade started in Ohio and spread over the country. Women knelt and prayed nightly in the sawdust of saloons until the nation was aroused. The W.C.T.U. was formed, Frances Willard emerged as its peerless leader, and in 1880 Kansas led off the new Prohibition movement with a constitutional Prohibition amendment. In State after State campaigns were conducted in the 'Eighties for constitutional Prohibition. In Iowa, South Dakota, Maine, Rhode Island, Prohibition carried. In Ohio it got a majority. For a time it looked again as if the country were going Dry. But it did not quite come off. In 1890 a crucial campaign in Nebraska failed and Rhode Island repealed. The threat of Prohibition brought so near by the depression of 1873 waned.

THE next depression came in 1893. Then, as in 1857, Prohibition had been tried and found wanting. It was thoroughly discredited. None could be found to do it honor. Where it had been beaten in the late 'Eighties the most persuasive argument was that high license was the real cure for the evils of liquor. Prominent Drys had preached that Prohibition did not prohibit. The only way to diminish the sale of liquor was to tax it heavily. In the 'Eighties the people were not poor and the appeal was not to their pocketbooks. But when the new depression arrived they were very poor. The argument for regulation by taxation was especially forceful and it gathered force as the years passed.

The eminent Committee of Fifty, headed by Dr. Eliot of Harvard and Seth Low of Columbia, made diligent research into the matter and concluded in ponderous reports that Prohibition was a failure and high license the best of regulators. Learned Englishmen came, saw, were shocked at the non-enforcement of Prohibition and reported likewise. A Canadian parliamentary commission took testimony in many places and opined to the same effect. On the surface all was against Prohibition. High license went in all over the United States. Prohibition was repealed in Iowa, Vermont and New

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Hampshire, so that only Maine and Kansas remained with Dry laws. And with the return of prosperity liquor consumption began to move up and up. The number of saloons jumped from 195,000 in 1897 to 240,000 in 1907. Whiskey sales jumped from 68,000,000 gallons to 134,000,000 gallons, nearly 100 per cent, and beer sales from 36,000,000 barrels to 58,000,000 barrels, or seventy per cent.

On the surface all was turning from Prohibition. But underneath there was much agitation for local Prohibition that was to bear rich fruit after the next depression, in 1907.

The depression year of 1893 saw the birth in Ohio of the Anti-Saloon League, as the depression year of 1873 had seen the woman's crusade, and out of it the W.C.T.U. The same year, 1893, saw South Carolina try State sale of liquor.

State sale in South Carolina resulted in immediate riots almost amounting to civil war. Its ultimate result was such an amount of graft and corruption, on the part of those who purchased the liquor for the State, that it really paved the way for Prohibition twenty years later.

But the real work in that direction, from a national standpoint, was carried on by the Anti-Saloon League.

The League was not ostensibly for Prohibition. In its name and its early methods it bowed to the universal opinion that Prohibition over any large territory was a failure. It sought merely to abolish the saloon where it could and to restrict it where it could not be abolished. Starting locally in Ohio it developed the technique which was in time to bring Prohibition. Recognizing that the cities could not be carried by direct assault, it proceeded to besiege them and hem them in. It dried up the villages, then the townships, then the counties, and finally when it had enough counties it could dry up the State. It was a long uphill battle helped mightily by the Evangelical Protestant churches and given prominence by the spectacular tactics of Carrie Nation in Dry Kansas from 1900 on. It was not until 1904 that any real result was reached in Ohio and then only the negative result of defeating for governor Myron C. Herrick, a Wet Republican. But the constant ferment aroused by the forces of reform brought State Prohibition in Georgia in 1907 — the year of the next depression.

The reaction of the nation to the panic of 1907 was similar so far as liquor was concerned to the reaction to the depressions of 1819, 1837 and 1873. The people had forgotten that Prohibition was a failure. They knew that license was a failure. The sweep for Prohibition was irresistible.

By the year 1911 the South was nearly all Dry, the Far West was getting Dry, and the Middle West was on the way. The technique of the Anti-Saloon League could now be applied on a national scale. The Dry rural States could dry up the rest of the country. The opening of the World War, with the Tsar decreeing Prohibition and the King of England talking about it, added fuel to the flame. Our entry into the War completed the argument. Food stuffs should not be wasted in drink when Food Would Win the War. So 1918

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saw the country Dry and 1919 saw the constitutional amendment adopted.

Now thirteen years have passed. The people have forgotten that license was a failure. They have been reminded daily for thirteen years that Prohibition is a failure. They need money to carry on the Government. It may be found in liquor.

It is fair to assume that our course from now on will be that which followed the panics of 1857 and 1893. Our main object will be to get as much taxes as possible from liquor and the only way to increase the tax return is to increase the sale of liquor. We read even now that the leaders of Congress have decided that the beer that will be allowed to be sold must have a high enough alcoholic content to be "attractive" if the Government is to get any great amount of taxes. It will probably be found when beer is put on sale in bottles that bottled beer is not "attractive" to the masses. To increase the sale it will have to be sold by the glass. Wherever it is sold by the glass will be a beer saloon, by whatever name called. And no beer saloon ever existed on beer alone. It must sell whiskey to make a real profit. As the State's Attorney of Massachusetts found when, in 1868, that State attempted to prohibit whiskey while allowing beer: "Beer shops where nothing stronger is sold are as rare as a man without sin."

When we find that whiskey is sold anyway, we will put a tax on that and we will be back where we started from.

Of course the descent to Avernus, as the Drys will call it, will not be easy throughout the country. There are still a lot of Drys in a lot of States who will delay, impede and perhaps stop the descent. But there can be little question that the tendency will be back to the "good old days" and that we can not expect any progress toward Prohibition until the next depression rolls around.

When that comes we will have forgotten, perhaps, that Prohibition is a failure, we will know that license is a failure and we will start across the road again.

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Dynamite and Insect Powder

By Ray Tucker

Twice in thirty years Senator Glass is given full opportunity to display his genius in finance

The career of Senator Carter Glass furnishes evidence to strengthen the Carlylean theory that Providence provides for human crises by assembling within some man the elements of a peculiar kind of greatness and ability at critical moments in history. More than twenty years ago this diffident, cultured figure from an editorial office in the Blue Ridge was summoned, quite by accident, to frame the financial policies which led the United States and other nations safely through the World War. Once again the Democrats have control of the Government in a period of unprecedented financial strain, and this caustic, courageous Cromwellian from Virginia, his eyes a weaker blue, his hair white instead of red, his years seventy-five, will, without a doubt, become the unofficial financial genius and adviser of the Roosevelt Administration.

His refusal to enter the Roosevelt Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury is characteristic. His natural modesty would not let him agree with Mr. Roosevelt's argument that he was the one, invaluable man for the Treasury post at this time. He felt, too, that the more important front in battles for preservation of a sound currency system and honest, intelligent administration of the nation's banks would be in the Senate. But in the Cabinet or out, it is less than prophecy to suggest that his ideas on Federal finance and banking will prevail, even though the massed wealth and influence of Wall Street stand in his way as they did when he framed and snarled through Congress, almost alone, the legislation creating the Federal Reserve System. He is the Democrats' prime minister of finance.

There were other reasons for his declination, of course. His Aurelian aptitude for living made him shake his head with the dogmatic drawl, half to himself, half to his friends: "When I was Secretary of the Treasury, I never wanted to see the sun come up — never wanted to look upon the dawn." The juice of this unique personality might easily run dry or thin beneath the burdens of this particular assignment in the fourth year of history's worst depression.

In view of his prominent part in the field of American finance for the

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last thirty years, it is a strange commentary on our political system, and a left-handed compliment to Providence, that so many accidents should have figured in his entrance and advancement in public life. Every elective and appointive office has fallen to him without his seeking it, and sometimes over his protests. Long, long ago, as a $300-a-year clerk in the city of Lynchburg, Virginia, he thought that he had attained the political summit. Nominated to the Virginia Legislature, and subsequently to the House of Representatives, at a time when it appeared that his terrific, red-headed energy had condemned him to an early hospital death, he has bobbed up at critical places in crucial moments with no more premeditation or prearrangement than a summer storm. It was the pompous ambition of a veteran member which deprived him of a desired assignment to the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and forced him to go on Banking and Currency in 1901. It was the unexpected death and defeat of seven ranking members on the latter body which made him chairman of the committee and the financial expert of Congress when the Democrats returned to power in 1912.

Even then, fate seemed to interpose, as always, on his side. Two factors appeared to retard and promote his influence in the Wilson Administration. The first was his letter to the President-elect in which he outlined the difficulties that had always confronted any effort to reform the nation's banking system, and asserted that "only the active sanction and aggressive support" of the incoming Chief Executive could ward off the attacks of hostile, financial interests centred in New York. The second was the appearance, with or without Mr. Wilson's knowledge, of Colonel Edward M. House at Washington for a conference with Mr. Glass. The meeting, to put it mildly, was hardly felicitous for either man, or for the comparatively unknown Congressman's chance to build an entirely new financial framework for a nation soon to enter history's most costly and bloody conflict.

Colonel House tiptoed into an upper room of Hugh Wallace's home at the capital — and Mr. Glass does not like men who tiptoe or whisper. After certain unfortunate references to Virginia political patronage, Colonel House changed the conversation to the subject of banking reform, and, quite naturally, he referred to the views of William Jennings Bryan, who was already slated to be Secretary of State. Mr. Glass, then and now an advocate of sound money and conservative financial standards, exploded.

"Mr. Bryan," he declared, "knows nothing about currency and banking, and what he knows is mostly wrong."

When Mr. Glass admitted that he had little experience for framing a monetary measure, Colonel House did not — or could not — detect that it was the innate diffidence of the Virginian which was speaking. He did not know that for ten years the studious Congressman had read everything on banking within reach, studied the theory and practice of domestic and foreign systems, sat up nights with economists and bankers, visited big and little banks through-

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out the country, and, with an extraordinary mental capacity and retentive memory, had made himself an expert on banks, bankers and banking. So the Texan can hardly be blamed for his report to the President-elect that somebody with more training be chosen to handle the most pressing problem before the new Administration. Simultaneously with the House memorandum there came threats from New York financiers that they were suspicious of the Southern man's ideas, and preferred somebody more in sympathy with their tenets.

But Mr. Wilson, as an expert in writing and reading letters, had been intrigued by the personality of this fellow-Virginian, and man of the same Scotch-Irish ancestry as himself. On the day after Christmas, 1912, the two men stared questioningly at one another in a professorial study at Princeton. It was, perhaps, one of the most historic pre-inaugural conferences in recent years. These two headstrong statesmen agreed, disagreed and admired each other at first sight. Each man subsequently gave, publicly or privately, his estimate of the other. Mr. Glass, a man of great self-education and self-culture, esteemed Mr. Wilson's erudition, and his faculty for striking through to the heart of a new problem. Mr. Wilson, on his side, was charmed with the pepperiness of his new friend's personality, his abundant common sense, his uncompromising courage, and his determination to frame a sound Federal Reserve Act. Indeed, the Representative's violence disturbed and delighted even the doughty Presbyterian. As the former drenched certain New York bankers with verbal vitriol, Mr. Wilson said in a tone of amazement and amusement:

"Why, Glass, I am surprised at your vehemence!"

From that conference and others emerged the Federal Reserve Act virtually as Mr. Glass had conceived it, with the exception of one typically Wilsonian suggestion. Whereas the Congressman had proposed to vest all authority over the national banking system in the Controller of the Currency, Mr. Wilson suggested that it be placed in an "altruistic board." It is the Senator's doubt of the board's altruism through three Republican administrations that has made him a jealous guardian of the system he set up. It is, in his opinion, almost perfect, but, as he often tells the Senate, it is not "fool-proof." The conduct of certain bankers during the last decade, he maintains, has been "criminal," and he thinks that Reserve officials have permitted the system to lose most of its prestige and power by their refusal to discipline recalcitrant financiers. It is his deep conviction that the nation's banks should be run for the benefit of depositors, legitimate business and industry, instead of for the speculative interests and the permanent investment of capital, which belief animates him now in his insistence upon deep-seated reforms. As Woodrow Wilson is still his sovereign and his saint, so the Federal Reserve System is an orderly obsession with him. Despite all the other honors which have fallen to him, it is his monument, as its revision to

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meet requirements of a new era may be his epitaph.

It required other qualities than a knowledge of finance, however, to translate his ideas into law, and these he possessed through heritage and environment. Had he been of the Cavalier breed which the Old Dominion produces so abundantly — a wealthy, hard-riding, cock-fighting, plantation-owning gentleman of ease — he would never have outgamed and outmaneuvered the powerful influences arrayed against him. It was because he was a scrappy and sarcastic figure, sprung from a background of poverty and hard work and self-advancement, that he was able to prevail. Long before there was talk of a New South, he was its prophet. Moreover, from his editorial office he sallied forth with the panoplied equipment of a journalistic Junius who spoke and wrote in sulphurous headlines. It was this gift for invective which saved him, and, mayhap, the Federal Reserve Act itself.

No orator in the ordinary sense, his presentation of the bill to a Democratic caucus of the House in 1913 got off to a miserable start. Even his friends began to regret that President Wilson had not selected a more aggressive and articulate champion, and their fears increased when Bob Henry, a blustering Bryanite from Texas, bore down on the diminutive Congressman with a florid outburst of oratory. But it was the spark which touched off the explosive Virginian. Lowering his red head like a bantam rooster, he drawled out biting retorts from the left corner of his mouth. Sitting on the edge of their chairs, his partisans cried: "Give 'em hell, Carter, give 'em hell!" But he, disdaining friend and foe, drew himself up to his full five feet and four inches, and replied contemptuously: "Why use dynamite when insect powder will do!"

From that moment he was dubbed "Give 'em hell, Carter!" and the nickname fits the Senator more appropriately now than ever before — his power of satire grows by what it destroys. Bob Henry was the first of many men who have fallen victim to the biting tongue of one who derives his imagery and invective from such favorite sources as *Arabian Nights* and the *Letters of Junius*. Linked to this vocal violence is a recklessness of personal consequences that makes him one of the most dangerous foemen on Capitol Hill.

It is no exaggeration to suggest that Mr. Glass did more than any other individual to riddle the myth of prosperity in the years when it carried full credence, and to cast ridicule upon the Prohibitionists who dominated the decade from 1920 to 1930. Next to his part in building a sound financial system, it is undoubtedly his greatest achievement.

In these conflicts he was at his best — or worst, depending on the viewpoint — and the basic elements of his creed and tactics were vividly depicted. Hating hypocrisy, he looked upon the Hoover-Cannon period of Prohibition and prosperity as a superlative manifestation of sham in both the moral and financial realms. When most of his colleagues abdicated intelligence and independence during the boom era, he scoffed and snarled out demands for a return to sanity on the part of

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Federal officials and financial leaders. When playing the stock market was America's favorite sport, he denounced the orgy of speculation as "worse than roulette." At the peak of security prices, he introduced a measure to impose a five-dollar tax on every hundred-dollar bloc of securities not held more than sixty days by the purchaser. He arose in the Senate to assail Mr. Mitchell and other bankers for refusing to heed warnings that stock values were too high, and for their defiance of the Federal Reserve Board when it tried, all too timidly for him, to give a gentle downward push to market prices. But he was a Jeremiah howling in a golden wilderness, and there were few to listen — then.

IN THE field of rhetoric he excelled, however, and he eventually demolished his foes. When other Virginia politicians fled before the Cannons in the 1928 Presidential campaign, this personal Prohibitionist stumped the State for Al Smith with the slightly erroneous assertion, as events have proved, that he had made "Tammany Hall the cleanest political organization in the United States." It was he who coined the phrases of "Hoovercrat" and "prohibigot"; he dubbed Cannon the "Methodist Pope" and broadcast the news that the cleric was once known as "One-Quart Cannon." Although he was repudiated in 1928 when Virginia voted for Mr. Hoover, the repudiation did not stick. In 1930 he was reëlected without opposition, at the very moment that his ecclesiastical enemy was under indictment for alleged offenses that Mr. Glass had a part in presenting to the Senatorial investigating committee. Thus there is a proprietary note in his frequent, ironic references to "my Bishop."

His radio address in the 1932 campaign was, by bi-partisan agreement, the most destructive on either side — a masterpiece of diatribe. It, too, was an accident. Because of illness and weariness he had not planned to make any speeches. But his rest in the shade of the Blue Ridge was broken by Mr. Hoover's claims that all omniscience and statesmanship had been reposed in the Republican party. He fumed and fussed. He gave vent to what was then his only form of profanity — an expressive "dad bum it" — when he heard Mr. Hoover's warning that the country had been "within two weeks of going off the gold standard." Against the advice of friends and family he set to work on a reply. When Mrs. Glass summoned his physician to deter him, the latter examined his patient's physical and mental state, and replied:

"It will do him more good to get the poison out of his system than to let him go on this way."

Alone of Democratic speakers the Senator gave relevant reply to the campaign of fear which the G. O. P. waged. One simple statement did it. If it were true that the nation had been "within two weeks of going off the gold standard," he pointed out that the President and Secretary of the Treasury were guilty of "amazing dishonesty" in that the Government had sold $3,700,000,000 worth of securities during this period without advising investors that the nation was practically insolvent.

He does not reserve his mellifluent

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snarls for Republicans only, however. When Tom Heflin was engaged in a running attack on the Federal Reserve System some years ago, the Senator dashed into the cloakroom, his face red with rage and his eyes blazing. Back and forth he paced, half-snarling to himself, as he does so often within the chamber. Upon an inquiry for the cause of his emotion, he whirled, threw up his hands and exclaimed: "If that Tom Heflin doesn't leave the Reserve System alone, I'll disembowel him!" When a naval board rejected one of his candidates for Annapolis for the lack of "twenty-four vital, serviceable teeth," he asked: "Do they have to bite the enemy?"

His small stature heightens the effect of his virulence. In the chamber and in his office he slumps down so low in his chair that he seems to sit on his left shoulder. His shock of white, crispy hair barely shows above the desk. But when he arises and becomes articulate, this diminutive figure lets out a bellow entirely disproportionate to its source. Although not unduly sensitive concerning his small figure, when he was told of a colleague's remark to the effect that he had missed the White House for want of a few inches, he snorted: "Well, that's just too bad for Alexander the Great, Caesar and Napoleon!" His habit of emitting his great words out of the left corner of his mouth once led Woodrow Wilson to remark: "Carter snarled the Federal Reserve Act through Congress out of one side of his mouth. Think what he could have done if he had used both sides!"

Those who encounter his wrath, however, concede that one side is sufficient. Possessed of an independence and ethical standard which he did not park outside when he entered politics, he heeds neither the threats of enemies nor the wheedling of friends. When advisers begged him to vote for the bonus because he had received a petition signed by thousands of constituents, he summoned his secretary in their presence. "Take this letter," he snapped. "'Dear Mr. (whatever his name is): I have received your petition to vote for the soldiers' bonus. I am against the bonus and shall vote against it. I would not vote for it if your petition were signed by every man, woman and child in Virginia.'" To a prominent constituent who besought the use of his influence to obtain an invitation to a White House reception he wrote: "What! Ask a gentleman to invite a stranger to his home! Never! I would as soon think of asking him to let me pick out his wife." When former Vice-President Curtis gaveled him down with the announcement that his time was up, he slid into his seat with a reply that violated all Congressional precedent. "Glad of it!" he muttered.

His intensity of feeling may be due, in part, to a background of struggle and suffering. Although one of the most cultured members of the Senate, possessing an honorary Phi Beta Kappa key from William and Mary College, he had to quit school at fourteen to earn a living. His parents had accumulated a comfortable fortune in his birthplace of Lynchburg, where his father was editor and postmaster, but the Civil War swept it away. In impressionable years darkened by shadows of

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carpet-baggers and reconstructionists he worked as a printer's devil at three dollars a week, learned the trade of compositor and eventually bought the morning and evening papers in his home town. But he had to deny and drive himself furiously to earn money and an education — so much so that he was nominated for the House at a time when hospital physicians in New York, where he lay ill, dared not apprise him of the honor.

Only his close friends know his gentle, lovable, whimsical side. It is, indeed, difficult to understand the complexity of a character steeped in the fantasies of the Bagdad balladist and tipped with the irony of the unknown satirist — of a man whose evenings begin with side-shaking laughter over the radio antics of Amos 'n Andy and end with perusal of tomes supporting his belief that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. He quits a philippic on the floor to conduct a cloakroom conversation full of ripe wit and enriched by his remarkable gift for story-telling. During the darkest hours from 1914 to 1920 President Wilson often called him to the White House to convulse a war-weary household with dialect and Negro anecdotes culled from their common Virginia countryside. He holds up an important conference so that he may run to the telephone to tell Mrs. Glass that "I still love you." Tears streaming down his face, he chuckles to himself in sudden, silent reminiscence of some comic incident that may have brightened his Senatorial day.

"Never used to be very profane," he mused recently. "Promised my grandchild I'd never say anything worse than 'dad bum it.' But I've taken to 'damn' lately. In fact, I told the Appropriations Committee this morning that I returned to my hotel yesterday in a spirit of shame and contrition for the way I've cussed at meetings lately. But after hearing Apostle Smoot of the Mormon Church at today's meeting, I told the committee I felt completely exculpated."

He leads a quiet, idyllic life both in his hotel suite at the capital and in his rambling, shaded home at Lynchburg. Detesting formal society, he passes his evenings with his books of biography, playing setback with an old friend, attending mystery movies with his secretary. He is a keen baseball fan, and the Philadelphia Athletics are his only favorites. In his sports as in politics he is intense and irascible. While watching a newspaper scoreboard during a Philadelphia-St. Louis world series game in 1931, he was all smiles while his team held the lead. But when their rivals crept ahead, he glared daggers at the board and scooted away. His real hobby is his fine herd of Jersey cows. He would, if the calendar permitted, leave the Senate chamber any day to lean on the fence and watch their browsings. Although he keeps no record of Presidential, Senatorial or political appointments, his engagement book is scratched with cryptic notations that tell him when his Jerseys will be dropping calves, and these ceremonies he never misses. Indeed, the pent-up fury he unloosed against the G. O. P. last fall was aggravated by the fact that he had to sell sixty cows in 1930 "because of the drouth and the Hawley-Smoot tariff."

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Headline for 1943

By William C. White

Exasperated by Japan's arrogant invasion of Chinese territory, the world has overlooked a subtler Soviet penetration, which might have worse consequences

In the settling fog of an autumn night in 1931, near the Mukden station of the Japanese-owned South Manchurian Railway, some vandals, reputedly Chinese, blew up a section of the track. That explosion was another of the Last Straws of History. The Japanese army moved the following day to block any further attempts on Japanese property and, incidentally, to realize a dream long dreamt in Tokyo, of Japanese rule in Manchuria.

Since that foggy autumn night, events in the Far East have moved rapidly, usually accompanied by fog of another sort. Manchuria, an ancient Chinese province, is today cut off from China and now bears the name of the "independent" State of Manchukuo. Like many other hastily processed things, that new State is tagged "Made in Japan." With a modern army, with unctuous diplomacy, and ever under the narrowing eyes of the West, Japan has extended her political and economic control over a vast territory. Today her armies have moved southward, into the Chinese province of Jehol. Diplomats the world over, in thinking of the future, sleep more uneasily than usual.

Japan in Manchuria has been the headline story out of Asia during the past seventeen months. No angle of the progress of Japan on the Asiatic mainland is more important than the effects on Russia, whose interests in the Far East sprawl out across Manchuria and along the Pacific littoral. Those interests are well known. But few Westerners know of another set of Soviet interests that can, in the future, complicate Japanese-Soviet relations and which can affect vitally British policy in the Far East.

In that part of China west of Manchuria Soviet Russia has already extended economic, cultural and more or less complete political control over territory, once part of China, *three times the size of Manchuria!* That territory, as completely cut off from China today as is the stilt-walking State of Manchukuo, does not have the same strategic possibilities as Manchuria, but it has even greater economic potentialities in the future.

What lies west of Manchuria?

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West of Manchuria two little known provinces of the Chinese Empire, Outer Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan, reach into the very heart of Asia. On the map they are unfigured blotches of color, remote, seemingly unimportant. The world at large knows little about them. Mongolia, "the land of the Children of the Wilderness," whose southeastern part is the Gobi, the "desert," hit the front pages a few years ago when revealed by an American explorer as a storehouse of dinosaur eggs. For those familiar with jade, Chinese Turkestan or Sinkiang, as the Chinese call it, will be remembered as the source of the most valuable unworked stone.

Little is written today about the situation in these remote districts because little is known. Direct sources of information are rare, for both regions are more or less barred to Europeans. The British India Office, civil guardian of the Indian frontier, keeps a watchful eye on Sinkiang lying just across the Himalayas but with a remoteness that miles can not measure. The diplomats of Japan watch Soviet activity in both regions.

For the most part these regions are more distant from world consciousness than the poles. Yet they have played an important, although indirect, rôle in Asiatic affairs within the past six months, preventing in part a war between Japan and Soviet Russia by acting as something over which the two nations could bargain. Further, in 1942, when Mongolia is to become an integral part of the Soviet Union, when the Russians are busily exploiting the coal, the oil and the copper of Sinkiang, and when the Soviet Union is using her position in these regions to drive more deeply into Chinese territory, the world, then conscious of something west of Manchuria, will ask, "When did Russia get in there?"

The answer will be, "Between 1920 and 1932!"

The Chinese added both provinces to their empire by conquest. Outer Mongolia, once ruled by Ghengis Khan, lost its independence in the Seventeenth Century. Sinkiang was not conquered until 1877. The bonds that bound the two states to the Empire were loose ones. The Chinese never felt about these provinces as they did about Manchuria, original home of the Manchus, which means to China what Boston and New England mean to America.

In addition to enjoying a large degree of autonomy in the Chinese Empire, the two provinces had and have other things in common. Both are sparsely populated by many small groups of different peoples, with the Chinese in a minority. A large amount of each region is desert, but in Sinkiang and in the western part of Outer Mongolia lofty mountains rise to make more secure their isolation. In the valleys and beneath the mountain ridges of Sinkiang lie great stores of mineral wealth. On the fertile plains of Outer Mongolia, herds of sturdy cattle provide the chief occupation of the people.

Economically both provinces were once bound closely to China. Camel caravans and long lines of shaggy-browed yaks carried freight to distant Chinese market place and bazaar. Trade routes, whose first tracing is lost in the dawn of history, lay through each region. Between these

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provinces and Russia, their immediate neighbor to the north and west, boundary lines have never been clearly drawn. As a thousand years ago, so today nomadic peoples roam back and forth across the frontiers, counting themselves at times under Russian rule, at other times under the Chinese, but at no time paying much attention to either. In the past the peoples of these two regions felt more closely bound to Chinese traditions, ways and influences, and they were suspicious of the *Orosi*, and their allegiance to a Little Father in some far distant city.

Sinkiang today has its own governor and acknowledges politically only the most formal relationship to China. Economically it has faced around entirely to the west and Soviet influence is there dominant. Mongolia is nominally an independent republic. Actually, it is under complete Soviet political and economic domination, so much so that all foreigners and even *Chinese* desiring to visit the land must first secure a Soviet visa!

To save face the Nanking Government still maintains a "Tibetan and Mongolian Affairs Committee." When asked why, if China has any remaining semblance of power there, it was none the less necessary to secure a Soviet visa, one of the Chinese members of the Committee, thinking fast, replied, "Ah, the Russians are so very kind! They have set up diplomatic machinery there, for their interests are important and they are good enough to issue visas for us, thus saving us the cost and the trouble of having to establish our own machinery!" The Chinese have no power there whatsoever. Another province of the Chinese Empire has been lost, and long before the Japanese went agleaning to stuff the straw emperor of Manchukuo.

The ways in which the Soviet Union has laid its lines west of Manchuria differ in each province. Let us first take Mongolia. The story of the rise of the "independent" Mongolian Peoples' Republic may be the prologue to the rise of other "independent" republics in Asia in some later day.

JAPAN and Russia have at least one thing in common. Each has set up an "independent" State which no other nation will recognize. The only foreign diplomatic mission that the Mongolian Peoples' Republic boasts is in Moscow. Its members, seldom spoken to by foreign diplomats, stand on the side at official functions or wander alone through the promenade at the Opera. How they spend the rest of their time no foreigner knows.

Even Soviet officials have at times betrayed a quaint ignorance in dealing with the representatives of this sovereign republic. One story current in Moscow — for which, unlike most stories current in Moscow, there is a photograph in existence to prove the point — tells of the arrival of the staff of the Mongolian Legation in Moscow for the first time, in 1924.

Instead of proceeding immediately to their official reception by the President of the U.S.S.R., Comrade Kalenin, they begged a few days' grace. During these few days it was arranged by the Foreign Office that President Kalenin should wear a

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Mongolian costume, to make these Easterners feel more at home. He donned jacket and head-dress, which rumor said came from the Ethnographical Museum, and proceeded to the reception. The Mongolians arrived, in the most conservative European morning clothes. They had had them made in Moscow during the few days' grace, from cloth which they had brought with them.

When the Chinese Revolution broke out in 1911 there was rejoicing in the many hundred Buddhist monasteries in Outer Mongolia. Here, for many centuries, had lain the spiritual power of the land. Nearly a third of the men entered the priesthood as a profession. Behind the monastery walls there were unending ceremonies. Following an ancient ritual, the priests, wearing hideous devil masks, danced to the blatting of long horns. The priests lived on the land, a heavy burden for any people to bear. Now, with the Chinese Revolution, was the chance for them to secure political power. The "living Buddha," Bogdo-Gheghen, set himself up as absolute monarch, with a residence in Urga.

The complete independence of Mongolia lasted only a short while. In 1915 a mixed Russo-Chinese-Mongolian conference decided that Mongolia should be an autonomous state under the sovereignty of China and Russia. The Russia of the Tsars, too, had ambitions west of Manchuria. Russian influence waned there with the coming of the Russian revolution; there was too much to be done at home. Various notorious Chinese controlled the country until 1920. Yet individual Mongolians, and among them probably the "living Buddha," who felt his temporal power menaced, were keeping in touch with the Bolsheviki in Moscow.

In 1920 one of the most fantastic characters in history, Baron Ungern, an Austrian who had been a prisoner of war in Siberia, set out from there to Urga. He had with him two thousand men and dreams of a world empire ruled from the Far East. He captured the city and restored the "Living Buddha" to power — with himself as major deity to advise the Buddha. Ungern hoped to use Urga as a rallying point for groups of Russian émigrés and to launch from there a drive into Siberia.

Ungern's rule divided the lamas one against the other, and made some of them look for a way to break the foreigner's hold. Some Mongolian politicians were in touch with Moscow, and Moscow was interested. The Bolsheviki could not afford to overlook such a festering focus of potential counter-revolution not far from her borders.

Together with a few Mongolian patriots, a Russian army moved on Urga in 1921 and took the city. The devil horns in the monasteries blew loud that night. Ungern was captured and executed by the Soviet Secret Police, after a short trial in Russia. The "Living Buddha," now surrounded by the Soviet advisers, survived until 1924. Soviet influence came openly to the surface after his death, with the establishment of the Mongolian Peoples' Republic.

In name and front window dressing, the republic was Mongolian. (A small division was later cut off and set up as the proud and semi-

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independent republic of Tunnu-Tuvu, likewise unrecognized, with a capital city named Krasnoye — the Russian word for "red." The Mongolian republic did try to open relations with China on condition that the Chinese recognize Mongolian independence. The Chinese replied that, considering the amount of Russian influence in the land, the word "independence" seemed somewhat misused.

Overriding all opposition, the so-called "Peoples' Revolutionary party" became the dominant power. It was built on the model of the Russian Communist party and joined with Comintern, the Union of Communist parties of the world. The Mongolian party built its ranks on the peasant classes who were won by the nationalization of large areas of grazing land, formerly held by the Mongolian nobility. But, unfortunately, most of the literate members of the population were among the nobility and the lamas. Consistency is seldom a Soviet virtue — and groups of each were admitted! (Most paradoxically, with the lamas in the party, reforming the religious situation and making the faith really alive has been part of the party programme.) The programme of the party was flexible, made to fit the need of the land; and the land was not Russia. All other political parties were barred. But the low intelligence of the group as a whole makes it all the easier for the Russians to extend their influence.

The Russians make no attempt to enforce the study or the use of the Russian language or of Russian customs, as the Tsarist régime would have done. Instead, they encourage cultural autonomy, thus using the same policy which has been so successful for Soviet rule with other Eastern peoples in Russia or along its borders. But cultural autonomy has its limits in Mongolia. At first the Russian advisers urged that all accounts in the various offices be kept in the Mongolian language by Mongolians. After a few years they returned to Russian. There were too few Mongolians who knew how to write and to count.

The Russians control the economic life of the land. In the Mongolian constitution is a clause, paralleling a similar clause in the Soviet constitution, in which all lands, mineral wealth and forests are declared to be the property of the State and no private property in such forms is allowed. Foreign trade is carefully controlled by Soviet officials. The Mongolian currency, by the way, is backed by a half million American dollars.

Many of the same institutions and forms that exist in Russia have been created here in embryo. There is a "Union of Mongolian Youth," to parallel the Young Communist League of all other Communist parties. The name of the capital of the country, Urga, has been changed to Ulan Bator, "the City of the Red Hero." The official flag is red, with the State crest on it. And there is a Mongolian Secret Police to hunt down sedition and counter-revolution. The State would scarcely be a Soviet creation without that institution.

Here is a Soviet republic in embryo, carrying Soviet forms farther into the East. The country is still economically backward, but stand-

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ards of living may rise over its five hundred thousand square miles. Camel caravans still cross the Gobi desert, but modern American automobiles have been introduced and the steering wheel has replaced the prayer wheel for some of the lamas in government service. The natives still oppose a railroad and there is none in the country. But Urga has been brought close to the Trans-Siberian railroad by an airline to Verkhnyudinsk, thus substituting a four-hour jump for a ten-day journey across the desert. But for any foreigner desiring to visit the Mongolian Peoples' Republic a Soviet visa is necessary!

Thus an ancient Chinese province slowly follows the Moscow road. And Russian influence takes deeper root west of Manchuria.

THE policy of the Soviet Union in Sinkiang has differed completely from that in Mongolia. Here the ruling class are more closely akin to the Chinese. They are jealous of their power, suspicious of foreigners and rule almost independent of any control from Pekin or Nanking. But Soviet influence, directed entirely into economic and cultural channels, grows steadily.

The majority of the peoples of Sinkiang are Moslem, and closely related to the various nationalities that crowd the market places of North India or the narrow streets of the cities of Russian Turkestan. There are likewise many nomadic peoples who cross at will back and forth over the Soviet-Sinkiang border. Sinkiang, with its two great cities, Urumtchi and Kashgar, has always been the meeting place for the peoples of the East. High mountains to the west and to the south and desert on the east have kept it from being completely absorbed by some other nation. There have been various attempts made to keep foreigners out entirely, but some few English and Germans have settled there. There is a Marconi station. And almost as rapidly as by wireless, news of the policy of Soviet Russia in dealing liberally with the peoples of Central Asia permeates Sinkiang.

Thirty years ago Kipling was writing of *The Game* and of *The Bear that Walks Like a Man*. Rivalry between Russia and England was strong and there was great fear of the Russian threat to India from the northwest. In those days Kipling wrote, "You can trust a Russian until he tucks his shirt in," that is, until he begins to act completely European. Kim met strangers, Russians, "surveying" in the northern hills. Today Soviet influence in Sinkiang grows because the Russian acts there like an Asiatic. And the threat of a strong Soviet state due north of India is a possibility which the British watch carefully. Yet Soviet influence grows in Sinkiang in such subtle ways that it is difficult to see what the British can do about it.

From Urumtchi the only route east, to Chinese cities and ports, lies over the desert. This has been the traditional road, used for hundreds of years. With it in use, Sinkiang faced toward China. The journey takes three hundred days by caravan and transportation costs, almost fifty cents a pound, play a large part in trade accounting. An-

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other less used outlet, over the mountains to India, has a freight cost of fifteen cents a pound.

Two years ago the Russians finished the Turkestan-Siberian Railway, connecting the Trans-Siberian road with the provinces of Russian Turkestan and paralleling for a long distance the mountainous frontiers of Sinkiang. That railroad lies only four hundred miles from Urumtchi, the capital of Sinkiang, and can be reached by automobile truck, with a freight cost of less than three cents a pound. With this advantage in their favor, the Soviet factories and Soviet agencies are dominating the market in Sinkiang and various foreigners there have closed up their businesses, bankrupt. Even Chinese merchants can not compete.

By making Russia the natural outlet, market and supply store for Sinkiang, Soviet influence has grown to proportions the Tsarist Government never dreamed of. Much of the region has yet to be explored, but extensive copper and oil deposits have been found, awaiting only transportation facilities in Sinkiang itself to develop them. It will be a long time before they exist, but when they do they will be under Russian control.

And another set of influences is at work. The cultural measures which Soviet Russia has instituted among the minority peoples on her borders and which stand out among the unquestioned benefits of the Revolution have made their imprint on these peoples.

A Tadzhik from Russian Turkestan — and there are hundreds of them residing in Sinkiang and in North India as well — was speaking at a Soviet congress in Moscow. "Before the Revolution I knew nothing of the world outside my village," he said. "Today I can speak of the world of books and of newspapers, in my own language. My people have gained new frontiers." A Kazak, one of a large tribe of nomadic peoples who cross back and forth over the Russian-Sinkiang border, had come as "elected" delegate to the same congress. His part in helping to decide national policy was non-existent; but for him the fact that he was a delegate was sufficient. And he had strange and wondrous tales to take back to his people gathered around some camp fire as the chill wind blew down from the Altai mountains.

Such tales spread through the East. The cultural leaven of the Revolution, together with the economic influences, is putting another province under Soviet domination.

And what of it, in a world already sorely plagued by troubles nearer home? These regions are remote, of no immediate importance and significance.

Japan today is vitally concerned with Manchuria. Russia, too, with the valuable Chinese Eastern Railway there, partly her property, is only a trifle less concerned. Up to the present time, Russia has seemingly given a free hand to Japan in Manchuria, to all intents as though some understanding existed between them. The existence of such an understanding has been rumored at various times, although recent events would tend to deny it. Yet, with Russia in Outer Mongolia and Sinkiang and

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with Japan in Manchuria, there does exist a basis for a "sphere of interest" agreement.

If no such agreement is ever reached, then Soviet expansion eastward in Asia, concurrent with Japanese expansion westward, will bring the two powers into touch at new and equally inflamed points. Both powers follow the same policy, of setting up "independent" units. The Japanese use military means to that end; the Russians work more subtly, with cultural methods. Some day they may be extended into the "independent" State of Manchukuo and Manchukuo diplomats may vie with the diplomats of the "independent" Republic of Mongolia for the title of the lonesomest legation in Moscow.

The Japanese control of Manchuria excites the world. In a decade the interest of the world may be focused on Soviet Russia in Asia. The Red Shadow, now on the distant horizon west of Manchuria, may be the first portent.

Possession

By Bernice Kenyon

This is the land from which I know forever
I must be absent, though the heart rebel,
Desiring only to remain and dwell
Forever here, between the field and river —
Forever watching the poplars turn their leaves,
And the bright water run among the stones —
Feeling it is myself that holds and owns
This place secure, for so the heart believes.

What is possession but a glance that covers
The longed-for land, the inimitable face
Too briefly seen? It is the moment's grace
Granted to eager worshippers and lovers,
Yearning and straining, till their days grow old,
To clasp forever what no hand can hold.

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Pieces to a Quilt

By Mari Sandoz

A Story

The Lang eighty contained not even a shirt-tail patch of level ground. Most of it was a deep gullied cup of gravel and crumbling sandstone, sloping abruptly into a dark pool. Now and then a glimpse of a summer cloud lay on the still surface but its whiteness only accentuated the dark reflections from the ten-foot bank of volcanic ash just above the water line. Even the cress-grown spring didn't bubble but welled up with the slow complaint of green water under ice.

Back from the pool, under a solid nose of stone, squatted Lang's old shack, weathered to the gray of ashes. A silent little creek slipped past the sagging doorstep and out between sheer sandstone bluffs toward the hay flats north, as though eager to escape the deep pool, the stark canyon walls and the shack, empty since the man who built it hanged himself there with a silk muffler.

At least it was assumed he hanged himself. Sarah Reimer, schooled in patience with her slow-witted son, asked no questions when he brought home a square of figured silk with a corner cut off. He washed and ironed it and made blocks for his crazy quilt. It was all right. Somebody was always giving him old silk pieces.

A week later, when the mail carrier mentioned that Lang's newspapers were piling up at the box, Rusty flung his clumsy hands about in a frenzy at the slowness of his tongue.

"I-I-I forgot to tell. Lang died."

The father and two neighbors went over and found that it was so. Lang had died, of hanging, probably with the muffler, as Rusty tried to explain. He had seen the man, and fancying the pretty silk, cut him down. It was August. The sheriff came out that night.

They took Lang outside, burned a little plug tobacco on a stove lid and looked around but there wasn't anything, no papers, no letters, not even a trunk, only the name of a New York tailor in his coat, which didn't mean anything. Lang's hands had been small and soft, never touched work. Just another hide-out.

Although Lang had lived in the canyon five years, not even the neighborly Jacob Reimer knew anything about him except that he was graying, never got farther from his place than the mail-box and always seemed to have money for the

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groceries the mail-carrier brought out. None of his neighbors had seen him more than once or twice, unless it was Rusty.

"That half-wit ought to be looked after," a suspicious newcomer suggested.

"Aw, Rusty wouldn't hurt a fly," the sheriff defended. "His father's a damned good neighbor; too good to get ahead."

And there it was.

A week after the write-up of the Sad End, as the local paper called it, a woman, a young one, came to the county seat with the clipping. She made a fuss because Lang was already buried. No, she had no idea who he was.

A few days later Sarah Reimer spoke to her husband over Rusty's empty chair.

"He took his quilt blocks away this morning and then came back for that old revolver. I haven't seen anything of him since."

Jacob brushed his thinning hair back decently and looked with friendly blue eyes upon his wife's uneasiness.

"I will see to it," he said.

After supper he went out to smoke his pipe and wait for his son. On the way through Sarah's flowers he picked a golden calendula for the bib of his wash-bleached overalls, as Rusty often did. Then he leaned both tired elbows over the garden gate and looked off into the sunset, into the evening haze over the meandering creek and its soft green clumps of willow. Perhaps he should straighten the bed as he had helped his neighbors do long ago; cut out the willows. But a stream laid out by compass, hurrying away between weed-grown ridges of dirt and sod torn from their place in the earth — no, he preferred the first yellow-green of spring creeping shyly into the willow clumps, long grass dipping into the little stream in mid-summer, thin knives of anchor ice on the backwater in the fall.

Sometimes he could not forget the drouth and hail, or that his wife had once been ambitious to have a big house too, and a broad red barn, but she never complained. She had been as ready as he to spend the butter money for those five little Meyers last week. She even sewed all night so they could have dresses to wear to the funeral of their father who started home with too much Short Grass moon aboard and drove off into a canyon. Jacob was glad about the dresses. There should always be something nice to remember about funerals.

By the time his pipe was cold a black speck broke from the bluffs towards the Lang eighty, followed by a grotesque shadow down the long, sun-gilded slope. It was Joseph, Rusty, as the neighbors called him, on flea-bitten, stiff-kneed old Sarry. On her back lurched the top the sun-sensitive Rusty made of two forged rake-teeth fastened to the broken cantle of his old saddle, with canvas across them. Bobbing up and down like a jockey in his short stirrups, canvas flopping and rods rattling, Rusty rode towards his home.

When he saw his father waiting between the hollyhocks, his flat face softened into a broad, short-toothed grin and his eyes flecked with yellow glints. After the old mare was fed and curried he picked up the sack of water-cress he brought his mother

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and walked beside Jacob to the house, the silence of good feeling between them.

Once or twice the father looked past the lamp to his son's thick mat of coarse, sorrel curls, his heavy shoulders stooped over the clumsy fingers. It seemed foolish to ask Joseph what he had been doing. Never in his twenty years had his father ever known him to harm a living thing. Even after a day of fasting he was eating very slowly because this unreasonable procedure seemed to please his mother. Because Jacob saw this he was a little ashamed and hid behind talk of his work. Tomorrow he would help the Johnsons, and the next day Ivan Vach.

Rusty went to bed unquestioned.

Not until a year later did the community discover the cave that Lang had dug in the bluffs overlooking his shack and the canyon. The opening was concealed behind a big sandstone boulder with just enough space to slip in at one side. He even had a little fireplace opening into a gully.

Rusty had evidently found it long before. At least that seemed to be where he took his quilt blocks and later the phonograph his father bought at a sale for a quarter, with a stack of French and German records nobody wanted thrown in. Rusty liked them. He pulled out the carved wood front of the machine so he could get his head closer to the sound and kept it going. When his mother's impatience became too evident, he shambled out into the yard with the phonograph in a gunny sack. That was how the cave was discovered. A visiting geologist examining the bank of volcanic ash heard a scratchy but unmistakable rendition of the Jewel Song from Gounod's *Faust* drift thinly down to him. He followed the sound. As his shadow struck the mouth of the cave Rusty sprang up, swinging an old revolver like a club.

"I-I-I thought you was *him*," was all the explanation he would give. The geologist catalogued Rusty at a glance and dismissed the incident. But he was pleased when the youth took him into a deeply washed draw where a ledge of rock with bones in it lay exposed. In return he sent Rusty two records by the mail man, a Tyrolean yodel and a laughing Chaliapin. Rusty liked the yodel best.

News of the cave spread. Lang *had* been hiding out. But when nobody could produce any details, the sightseers soon tired of his cave. Rusty went back to it now, but openly, begging cookies from his mother or potatoes and eggs to roast in the fireplace so he wouldn't have to come home at noon. Several times tough fellows from town came out with bottles. They tried to get him to do things fit only for pigs. When he wouldn't they wanted him to drink Short Grass moon with them, but it burned his mouth and choked him and that seemed reason enough to refuse it. So he sat away from them, watching under his bushy brows as from behind sandstone boulders. Their kind laughed at him away from the cave. They could go.

When they kept coming back he got a skunk carcass from old Amos, who trapped a little. After they went away the last time he scooped the contaminated sand down the slope, carried in clean dirt and built a

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smudge of twisted mint from the creek bank in the fireplace. When the cave was sweet again he listened to the yodel and tried to forget the black mist of things that had been said and done.

After that nobody came to the cave to bother him and from the earliest spring winds until the narrow tongues of grass along the creek were the autumn brown of young beaver, Rusty's old mare, Sarry, spent many days picketed above the bluffs. When the July noon heat made Rusty's head ache, he spent hours on the crazy quilt, arranging and rearranging the blocks a hundred times before he sewed them, taking joy in the feel and the color, although all dark, shiny things were red to him. He never went near the Lang shack, even before people said that it was haunted.

Once several squirts from the community brought a Hallowe'en fruit jar of white dynamite. They went home pretty well scratched up and muddy, as though their departure had been a hasty one. After that Rusty had the canyon to himself, he and the cat, Bidge.

That was his own name for her, as the cat was his own. His mother, tired of the constant mewing of hungry kittens underfoot, told Rusty to take the old gray and white tabby out and drown her.

"B-b-but she don't like water. She swim out," he argued, trying very hard to manage his tongue well for his mother.

"Of course," Sarah Reimer agreed. "Get the old clothes-line hanging on the post and tie a rock to her neck."

Rusty scratched his head, exposing his short teeth in a doubtful smile.

"Please do as I tell you."

Rusty got his equipment on old Sarry, and with Bidge mewing across the saddle before him, the clothes-line snaking along behind him like an Indian's picket rope, he disappeared toward Lang canyon. The mother watched him out of sight and then returned to her churning.

The next morning the cat was crying outside the screen door.

"I just knew it would be like that. Now take her out and tie a rock to her tight so she won't come back, or perhaps I had better do it myself."

Rusty pulled at the lobe of his ear and grunted. The cat didn't return. After that he tied her up in a web of clothes-line in the cave every time he left.

During corn-plowing time Rusty usually helped. Wearing a water-soaked red handkerchief under his rush hat, the corners flopping about his face, he wielded a hoe against the weeds in the rows. He didn't like it and when heat dances shimmered before his eyes and the sweat trickled down his broad shoulder blades, he loitered along, wondering if he was certain enough which were sunflowers and which corn. But only until his father came by with the walking cultivator, his round shoulders furry with dust, his horny hands reaching out to pull the weeds the shovels missed. Then Rusty's head felt better. He could tell the difference between weeds and corn quite clearly, and after supper he could have music.

One evening as he plodded down towards his cave, the window in the Lang shack suddenly glowed as from a lamp. Rusty looked towards

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the moon, standing big and full on the horizon, but it was not that, for the canyon was a deep cup of shadow. He wanted music but he couldn't have drunks in his cave, so he sprawled out on a sandy cliff, the cat across his chest, and looked into the face of the moon. It had dark spots like black canyons. Perhaps throwing pebbles at the shack might scare them away down there. But it was too much bother, after hoeing.

Sometime after the moon rose high enough to light the sandstone bluffs to a blue-white, Rusty realized there was a splashing in the little pond. He dumped the cat away and sneaking down the gully, squatted on a knee of rock overlooking the water. A girl swam the moon-gilded pond as smoothly as an otter, then turned and flailing her white arms upon the water, made a crystal and silver showering all about her. At the far side she climbed out upon a bit of rock, her wet body gleaming like pale silk. Folding her palms together she cut the air and water, disappearing as completely into the still pond as though she had never been. Rusty hugged his knees and watched her come up, shake moonlit drops and weeds flying from her streaming hair, and stretch out upon a bit of sand, breathing in soft little gasps almost lost under the mournful complaint of the spring.

Suddenly far up the slope the deserted cat mewed and came bounding to Rusty, arching her back against him. The girl heard but she did not retreat from the watching figure hunched dark on the rock.

"Who are you — spying on me?"

When there was no answer, she picked up something, a dark garment that shimmered like the moon on black water, slipped it about her and approached the youth with the green eyes of the cat beside him.

"Who are you and what do you want here?"

Still Rusty gave her no answer, staring instead at the lounging robe tied with a long, loose bow.

"P-p-pretty ribbon, red ribbon," he said, as though to himself, reaching out a finger for an end.

"Oh." The girl was relieved. Then she smiled coyly, running the end through her fingers. "Do you like it?"

"P-p-pretty," he said again, rubbing his thick hands together.

"Have you a knife? I'll give you one."

But he had no knife, as his shaking head indicated, and so she deftly twisted one tie about her to hold the robe and ripped the other off. Rusty took the ribbon from her hand, making a little sucking noise between his teeth.

"I-I-I show you my quilt —"

"Quilt, did you say *quilt?*"

His head waggled up and down as he stroked his rough thumb over the silk.

The girl snapped a casual finger at the cat and asked if they lived near. Rusty pointed off towards the north. The woman nodded a little and strolled away to the shack. A long time after she was gone the two plodded up the steep incline. "Pretty ribbon, red ribbon," he told the cat, speaking easily enough now that there was no one but Bidge.

After he had been in bed an hour, his mind a vague pattern of moonlight on the dark robe of a girl, he remembered that he still had his

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shoes and pants on. Growling like a dog disturbed at his rest, he pulled them off. At last he slept.

After that he watched the woman almost as much as he listened to the phonograph. A few times he perched on the bank outside her doorstep, delighted with the sheen of her dress, the play of her spiked heels. At first she moved in a cloud of annoyance, perhaps even of fear, but later she got so she waved to him, tried to dawdle away a little time talking. One evening she approached very close to him with a letter.

"Will you take this to the post office and tell no one where you got it?" she asked.

Rusty shook his head, remembering a blur of faces there that laughed at him.

"The mail-box then?"

Yes, he could do that, bobbing his head vigorously in delight. When she tried to give him a quarter he growled and made a grab at her dress.

"S-s-scraps!"

Scraps? What did he want with them? Didn't he get enough to eat?

Scraps! He insisted upon scraps, fingering the material of her skirt. When she still did not understand he brought a canvas-rolled bundle from his cave and spread his crazy quilt over her lap, clinging to a corner all the while.

"P-p-pretty," he said.

"Gorgeous!"

Rusty regarded the strange word dubiously, turning it over in his mind as he might a stick of chewing gum from a stranger, afraid it was a joke.

"But I didn't make the dress. There are no scraps," the girl said, and dragged him back to the matter of the mail-box. He rushed off and was back in half an hour, motionless, watching her swim from the knee of rock, now and then rubbing fat blue sparks from the cat.

But the idyllic isolation of Lang's canyon couldn't last. A woman, particularly a strange young woman living in the shack where the man hanged himself, was a welcome diversion, even in the busy haying season. When the first investigator reported that she was slim as a movie actress and had hair like a brass washboard, there was an epidemic of grouse hunting over that way. Women with straying men suddenly developed a taste for water-cress. But the shack door remained closed to all of them. At the post office and at sales there were conjectures. Perhaps a constable might go over to find out who she was. Still, as no heirs ever appeared for the place, there wasn't much to do. The mail carrier admitted that he brought her out, left groceries for her every week at Lang's old box. She got no mail and gave him no name.

Then somebody saw Rusty sitting on a hump of rock watching the house, the gray and white cat at his side.

"I'll talk to him," Jacob Reimer told his wife and she had to be content.

After supper Rusty seemed eager to escape but his father motioned him to stay. "Want to help me catch sparrows tonight?"

Rusty's short upper lip drew back in a grin. He liked catching sparrows if his father held the lantern and let him run along the stringers and reach

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into the nests and nooks until his pockets were full. But it was only a game, for he could never bear to see the little birds killed, and after counting them, stroking the quivering backs, feeling the pounding of their little hearts against his palm he let them go, one after another, until all were lost in the darkness. Then he liked to lie back in the hay, his arms under his head, while his father talked of his own boyhood, and his three brothers.

"B-b-brothers," Rusty would say, almost as though his impediment of speech were all that made him different. "Brothers fine."

Then his father always looked away into the darkness. There could never be any others but Jacob was thankful. Almost he had lost everything — the son and the mother.

"Bedtime, son," he would say, very gently. But tonight there was more. "You aren't bothering the woman on the Lang place?" he asked.

Rusty moved his head in the hay. "S-s-she give me ribbon, red ribbon," he said after a time.

So? Then it was good. And now to bed.

THE next evening a dark cloud leaned out of the west and sent low rumbles of thunder before it as Rusty started old Sarry towards the Lang eighty. The mother looked after him.

"It is good," the father said. "She gave him a ribbon — red, he calls it."

The mother was not entirely satisfied. "What does she want here — such a woman?"

Her husband looked up from his paper. "It can not mean anything to us and to Joseph."

At the cave Bidge, neglected for two days, her pan of water almost dry, rubbed against Rusty with loud purrs. He pulled her ears and stretched out on the sand to watch the woman. She came from the spring with a pail, stopped, looked all about as she always did lately, and then disappeared into the house to make the window full of light.

In the west the thunder cloud was sending a long arm around behind them and the lightning brightened. A car roared along the mail road. Rusty looked for the shafts of light against the clouds as it climbed Peeler's hill, but there were none.

Just when he first saw the man creeping through the dusk towards the shack Rusty could not tell. It was as though he clotted from the gloom across the creek, taking form as he circled the house. He sneaked to the window, then to the door, as a cat stalks a bird. Silently Rusty slipped down a draw and flattened himself against the shack.

Inside there was a little cry, not loud, but like that of a young badger he caught once. There were words, quick, fending ones from the woman, slow, hard ones like stones dropping into deep water from the man. A stirring in his mind troubled Rusty, a memory almost tangible. Then he had it. It was the *man*. And after he left, Lang had been dead.

Rusty's lips curled back from his teeth. He threw a handful of sand over his head and loped up the steep incline to the cave. Gripping the old revolver by the barrel like a club of stone he charged down the slope. From the window he saw the woman

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was not yet hanging. She had the table between them, but the man clutched her wrist and ran a taunting hand up her arm while she flinched like a wild horse that would paw a man down when the moment came.

In the doorway Rusty blinked once from the glare of light, took aim and brought the gun down upon the bald spot at the man's crown. He swayed, half-turning, and slumped into the shadow of the table.

"Well," the woman said with a little laugh as she rubbed her wrist. "You killed him. Now we better get him out, bury him."

Rusty looked from her to the floor, his eyes blurring. He wiped at them with his thick fingers. They cleared a little and, dropping the revolver with a clatter, he vanished into the darkness. At his heels ran a faint patter of rain.

For a moment the woman hesitated, but when the man stirred, groaned, she grasped the revolver and with flat lips she brought the butt down into his temple. It gave like ice-crusted mud.

Before she could straighten up, Rusty was back with the clothesline. Not looking at her at all he dragged the man away to the pond, tied him close to a big rock and rolled both into the water. There was a deep *plunk* but the lap of the far ripples was lost in the increasing patter of rain.

Rusty wiped the sweat from his face and trying to remember something, went back to the shack. Before his approaching bulk the woman once more took refuge behind the table. Rusty stopped in the doorway, eyes blinking and searching the floor.

"G-g-give me the shooter," he demanded, his voice suddenly harsh.

For a moment she faced him, then slowly she laid the gun on the table. Rusty took it, wiped the skin and blood from the butt on his overalls and went through the door.

"Where — where are you going?" she asked, in new fear.

But the doorway was empty.

In the cave Rusty sat on a rock a long time, his hand making rhythmic poppings of sparks from the back of Bidge. Now and then sheet lightning set the hunched figure into bright relief against the deep blackness behind him. The rain quickened.

Somewhere west a car started up; the lights cut the clouds in a half circle. As the roar died away Rusty had a queer prickling of fear along his arms. Once more he plunged down the slope to the shack. The lamp burned in an empty room. The woman was gone; everything was gone except the dark robe, folded on the table, as though for some one. Rusty lifted it. The folds swept downward, gleaming like moonlight on dark water.

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Philippine Independence

By George Gerhard

An analysis of the situation, both from the American and from the Filipino points of view

The recent decision of Congress to bestow independence upon the Philippines marked the end of an American colonization policy which was about as ill-considered as any phenomenon in history. Aside from the promptings of our customary altruism in foreign matters, there could have been no reason for us to acquire colonies other than a silly desire to emulate the older nations of Europe. It is notable that Congress has chosen a time to give this long-promised freedom when the world-wide movement toward emancipation of colored peoples, born since the War, is at its height.

Thus, Egypt has thrown off British control so far as her own administrative affairs are concerned. India has achieved a large degree of self-administration. Great Britain has announced the surrender of her mandate over Iraq. France is about to withdraw from Syria. And Japan's belated invasion of Jehol and Manchuria is greeted with the unanimous disapprobation of the world. The colonial system of the last few centuries has, quite apparently, come to an end. The colonies, on the whole, have grown into politically independent units. They do not want to be controlled any longer, and it is impossible to withhold freedom from them forever.

In the case of those European countries which inspired dreams of empire in turn-of-the-century American breasts, colonies were a necessary means in a policy of economic expansion. The greatest colonial power of them all, Great Britain, rose to might because she could not feed herself. The need to buy foodstuffs and raw materials abroad forced her to develop her industries, thus creating the wealth with which to buy what she lacked at home. But this country possesses nearly all the things it requires. It absorbs the largest portion of its products at home, and exports what is left over. Owning a very high degree of self-sufficiency, it stands at the opposite extreme from Great Britain. Yet we chose to annex the Philippines and other Pacific islands, as well as to meddle with numerous Central and South American countries.

Volumes have been written about that "choice." Certainly for a large section of the American populace annexation of the Philippines was a

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surprising result of the Spanish-American War, and at the time there was violent opposition to it. Also, there was a singular lack of plans, economically, to deal with them.

Long afterward, at the Washington Disarmament Conference, an opportunity came to air whatever policies we might have had in the Far East. It will be recalled that Secretary of State Hughes had made an unexpected offer to scrap the whole American building programme, if Japan would accept the three-to-five battleship ratio. Japan had refused to accept this ratio unless she were guaranteed security in her own waters, which meant predominance in the Far East. If there had been a really strong desire to build American prestige in the East on the foundation of Admiral Dewey's conquest, we should certainly have opposed the Japanese demand for a free hand. But the successful outcome of the Conference hung upon this concession, and the United States finally yielded. We promised not to develop naval bases in Guam or the Philippines. Japan was guaranteed the security asked, and the Islands were left virtually defenseless in case of war.

Half a billion dollars have been spent since the occupation on Philippine defense, and the big navy advocates did not watch this concession made without a fight. That it was made in the face of their opposition is strong indication of our fundamental attitude toward the Philippines as a colony — or, better, our lack of attitude. Essentially, they had no place in our scheme of things. Essentially, they still have no place in our scheme of things.

The Philippines are composed of no less than 7,083 islands, of which only 462 measure one square mile or over. The entire Archipelago has but four cities of over 50,000 population: Manila, with 325,000 inhabitants; Cebu, with 70,000; Albay, with 57,000, and Iloilo, with 52,000.

It is obvious that a territory like this, disrupted and broken into many parts, does not lend itself to a scheme of "colonization" so well, for instance, as the compact peninsula of British India, or the definitely limited agricultural area of Peru between the Andes and the Pacific, or even the lengthy but uniform island of Cuba. For one thing, it is well nigh impossible to develop a proper transportation system covering the various islands. While there are about 8,000 miles of roads, first, second and third class, they can not solve the problem of intercommunication between the islands. A trip from one island to another may take two or three days. Many of them are visited only once a month by one of the larger boats.

Without an effective transportation system, with people living on hundreds of islands cut off from the stimulating influence of a nearby capital (or a capital at least within reach of a reasonably short trip), with educational reforms not available to millions of people because of sheer distance, with government control over agricultural and industrial efforts out of the question for the larger part of a population of 13,000,000 souls — with all these shortcomings, it will be readily seen how difficult, if not impossible, a colonization programme is.

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During a reign of 300 years, the Spanish governors could not colonize the Philippines, though they did succeed in bringing them Christianity. And while the Spanish colonization system evidently was not the best possible, judging from results in the Latin-American countries, there is abundant reason why the colonization of the Philippine Islands should have failed. Fifty years ago the means of transportation was slower and more scarce, but even today, the only islands that can boast railroads are Luzon, Panay and Cebu. There are altogether 800 miles of railways on the three islands.

It was not entirely necessary to stipulate by law that no citizen might purchase more than 355 acres of land, and that no corporation or association might hold more than 2,530 acres. The topography of the Archipelago saw to it that the ninety-six per cent of the total area under cultivation, owned by Filipinos, averages about three acres per farmer. There are approximately 2,000,000 farms. The topographical character of the Philippines also explains why only seven per cent of the population are engaged in trade and transportation (as against a proportionate distribution of twenty-six per cent in the United States); and only thirteen per cent in mechanics and manufacturing (thirty-four per cent in the United States). The reason is as simple as it is illuminating: the majority of the people are tied down to agricultural and domestic work.

If lack of adequate transportation accounts for the failure to work out a programme of unified economic effort, of large-scale organization, of national collaboration on the most essential needs of the country, the enormous ramification of piece-meal farming is, in turn, responsible for the failure to bring even this agricultural development to a stage of perfection.

The sugar industry, for instance, powerful as its present output may be, is yet in a comparatively primitive stage, considering the modernization of this particular industry. There are few modern methods used. Artificial irrigation is unknown to most of the planters. What is true of a highly competitive commodity, such as sugar, applies with even greater force to other farming specialties which are not quite so much exposed to competition with the outside world — for instance, vegetable oils, cordage, hats and the like. Of 73,000,000 acres not more than 9,000,000 are under cultivation, and though vegetation is luxuriant throughout the year, the agricultural possibilities have hardly been scratched.

Successful colonization involves the opening-up of a country's resources, first, through a liberal investment policy, second, through an adequate means of communication and transportation.

As far as the transportation system is concerned, we have seen that little has been accomplished in the Philippines. They are essentially today what they were thirty years ago, an agricultural territory still in its teens. The government buildings and the court houses, the schools and the missions can not change this economic aspect of the Archipelago, important as they may be with regard to the cultural development of the Islands.

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The fundamental economic condition of the Philippines has not changed during the last three decades because there has been no American investment policy to speak of. In other words, what has been done in the Philippines for economic progress, has been largely accomplished through the effort of the Filipinos themselves, and certainly with their own funds. They have always paid for their own government, with the sole exception of $3,000,000 with which the United States came to the relief of distress brought on by the Philippine revolution. But practically all developments on the Islands since the American occupation have been paid for by the people themselves.

On the other hand, it is only fair to remember that, while direct financial support was not forthcoming from the United States, the Islands have profited indirectly to a great extent. The readiness of the American market to absorb Philippine products accounts for hundreds of millions of dollars in export surpluses. It is from this source that the Filipinos recruited their funds. In 1929 the export surplus amounted to $17,500,000; in 1930 it was $10,000,000; and even in the crisis of 1931 there was still a surplus of $5,000,000. Then again, taxation could readily draw on the free flow of trade and commerce. Finally, the expenditures of American naval and military forces are no mean item in Philippine business.

But to come back to the American investment policy: the aggregate of American capital invested in the Philippines in 1930 was $166,000,000. Practically all of it was invested between 1910 and 1920. Recent investment activity has been nonexistent. Compare this with American investments, as of 1930, in Germany (about $1,500,000,000), or Great Britain ($650,000,000), or Japan ($450,000,000), China ($200,000,000), Mexico ($800,000,000), and even France, which does not have to rely on American capital ($475,000,000).

Apparently, American capital did not take any great interest in emigrating to the Philippines. It is said that the political uncertainty and therefore economic insecurity of the Philippines were responsible for the cool attitude of American investors. But capital does not always bother much about insecurity or uncertainty so long as it scents profits. Capital has gone to Russia, whose political and economic future is far from ascertained. It has gone to Germany, whose future is even less certain. It has gone to the most obscure Latin-American states,where revolutions have been more common of late than an established régime. There is no reason why it should have refused to go to the Philippines, especially while the Star-Spangled Banner fluttered encouragingly over the Bay of Manila.

One may better explain the indifference of American capital by the statement that it simply did not see profits. In this connection it is pertinent that of the total American investments of $166,000,000, no less than $77,000,000, or about forty-six per cent, went into bonds issued by insular, provincial and municipal authorities, and held in the United States. Therefore, only the small amount of $89,000,000 went to the

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help of Philippine business, and this over a period of twenty years. Clearly, the Almighty Dollar has not played much of a part in developing the Philippines.

Nor has foreign capital cared much for this outlet. Abroad, no doubt, the consideration of predominant American influence on the Islands decided the issue. It was judged unwise to mingle with a business which in more than one respect was dependent upon the United States: not only with regard to tariffs, but also to legislation; not only in connection with independence, but also with the Far Eastern policy of the United States. The uncertainty of these matters largely blocked any interest which foreign capital might have taken in developing Philippine agriculture.

An exception to this rule is offered by the Japanese and by the Chinese, of whom there are some 18,000 and 60,000, respectively, in the Islands. The Japanese are in control of the larger part of the Philippine fishing industry; they also dominate the hemp-raising region on the island of Mindanao. The Chinese, again, exercise a practical monopoly in the retail trade and are, at the same time, absorbing an ever larger share of the wholesale trade, where they control approximately sixty-five per cent of the transactions.

THERE is another reason, however, which kept the Philippines from getting loans and credits outside of their own or American territories: for a long time hardly any nation could find a substantial market in the Philippines. Nor did the Philippines have much of a market outside the United States. In international finance loans will be most readily granted if they need not be paid out in cash, but in goods — for instance, machinery, iron and steel, textiles, dry goods, automobiles, chemicals. The South American nations obtained most of their commercial loans from the United States in this form. Then again, the creditor and financier will often agree to take the products of the debtor in lieu of cash payment — and sell them for him. Again, South America, as well as Australia and other overseas countries, can testify to the smooth working of this method — so long as the prices of their products hold up fairly well. But in either case, the creditor must have a market in the debtor's country, or vice versa.

As regards the Philippines, neither alternative applied. They were thus handicapped in obtaining loans from abroad. The trade and tariff ties between the United States and the Philippines cut the Islands off from the world market. They were an obstacle to the free and unhampered trade development of the Archipelago. The intimate tie-up between Manila and New York may be gathered from the fact that for the last ten or fifteen years the United States has taken about four-fifths of the Philippine exports, and supplied approximately two-thirds of the imports, much to the detriment of foreign nations.

The readiness of the United States to absorb Philippine products in the past has undoubtedly greatly facilitated whatever agricultural and economic progress there has been in recent years. By taking virtually the

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entire sugar exports of the Philippines, the total shipments of cocoanut oil and embroideries, more than forty per cent of hemp exports, eighty per cent of copra shipments and about forty-three per cent of the tobacco that left Philippine ports, the United States has relieved the Filipinos of a great amount of otherwise necessary sales effort.

And most important, this coöperation on the part of the United States has enabled many a Philippine farmer to weather the storm of the world-wide depression. In fact, many of them sell even today more than they did four or five years ago, though they have to be satisfied with lower prices. The situation of the Islands would, beyond question, be different if their farmers and exporters had to look around for new markets at this time.

And yet, it would be an exaggeration to maintain that without the United States market the products of the Island would rot and decay, because many of their principal crops would still be imported free of duty into the United States, even after independence had become a matter of reality. Moreover, some of these crops have little competition on the world market: for instance, cordage, copra and especially vegetable oils, which, during the depression, have become a welcome substitute for more expensive oils and fats. All these could, very likely, be disposed of without great difficulty in foreign markets.

Assuming that the Philippines faced the same tariff obstacles which other countries are facing, their main loss would be in the sale of sugar in the United States, while Philippine exports of tobacco, of cocoanut, hats and cordage would be insignificantly affected. It is estimated that the Islands, as an outsider, would face a maximum loss of $30,000,000 out of total annual exports of $100,000,000.

In reality, the Philippines would, of course, not suffer this outright loss of thirty per cent in their exports. They could be counted upon to build some tariff walls of their own, to the probable disadvantage of the United States, but to the advantage of some of the European nations, or possibly Japan. If they bought more from Europe, the Filipinos would very likely insist that they be given better marketing opportunities for their own products.

Then again, if their sugar exports were affected by American tariffs, the Filipinos could remedy the situation in two ways. For one thing, they could try to produce sugar more efficiently. It was said above that the methods used in Philippine sugar plantations are not the most progressive known in such sugar centres as Cuba or Java. Or they could restrict the production of this highly competitive commodity and direct more attention to the production of specialties which lend themselves naturally to the tropical climate, also putting more emphasis upon the growing of rice and corn for their own people.

THE Philippine Islands, under American guidance, are governing themselves. It is not possible to say whether, after the withdrawal of the American element, the management of administrative affairs will be less efficient, more emotional and less

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business-like. In some ways the withdrawal will be a decided blessing for the natives. Today much of the hostile attitude of the Filipinos toward the American group in Manila may be traced back to the fact that Filipinos are not admitted in such places as the Polo Club, the Manila Club, the Army and Navy Club and others. To the social sensibility of the Filipino this is naturally a challenge.

On the other hand, some of the domestic problems will be aggravated with the removal of American prestige. There are, for instance, the Moros, who probably will not submit to Filipino rule except at the point of the sword. Their number is only about 600,000, but what they lack in that respect, they make up for with their belligerent nature. There is also, after independence, the problem of military protection. History shows that no Indo-Pacific island has hitherto been able to survive without foreign intervention. In the event of armed conflict, the case of the Philippines, fighting alone, would be hopeless. They trust, however, in the League of Nations and the integrity of international treaties. Time will tell whether they are justified in this trust.

But aside from these and other native problems, the fact remains that the Philippine Government is stable, and much more stable than that of some of the Latin-American countries. Yet, while Congress and American Presidents have kept on saying that independence is to be granted "as soon as a stable government is established," while Washington has recognized many a revolutionary government as soon as it occupied the palace of the old president, in the case of the Philippines it has preferred a ten-year period of "tutelage" before final independence.

Also in wholesome contrast with foreign governments is the financial stability of the Manila régime. For the last four years there has been a surplus in the treasury: at the beginning of 1929 it amounted to $7,000,000; a year later, and also in 1931, it was $5,000,000. Due to the drop in income and prices obtained on Philippine products, this surplus is expected to dwindle further, but this would still be a good showing, considering the expected American deficit of $2,000,000,000 at the end of the current fiscal year.

The total indebtedness of the Philippines at the end of 1930 was $86,000,000, with a sinking fund of $34,000,000. Against this obligation there is the gold standard reserve fund as well as the treasury certificate fund reserve, bringing the total government reserve fund up to about $66,000,000. This is a result which few European governments can duplicate.

This, in brief, is the situation of the Philippines. The issue of independence, though Congress has set forth its verdict, is still to be settled. For the Philippines may reject the offer. They want immediate, complete and absolute independence, without "ifs," "whens" and "buts." They are guided by a national pride and a race-consciousness of their own. As Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate, put it: "I would rather live in a country that was run like hell by Filipinos than in a country that was run like heaven by Americans!"

The policy of the United States,

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unfortunately, is guided by partisan interests. The National Grange, the National Farm Bureau Federation, The Farmers' Union are anxious to eliminate the competition of Philippine sugar in the American market. The Coöperative Milk Producers' Association and the National Dairy have a similar object in mind. And their attitude can well be understood: on one hand they are asked by Washington to cut down their production, while on the other they find this same Washington helping the Filipino to increase his production.

Other "independence advocates" include American investors in Cuban sugar. They ask themselves and the Government why Cuban sugar, which is produced with the help of some $550,000,000 of American money, is taxed while Philippine sugar comes in free of duty. Then there is the American Federation of Labor, which is fighting the competition of some 45,000 Filipinos working at low rates in the United States. Other patriotic organizations are using the same arguments against Philippine immigration which they formerly applied to Japanese and Chinese labor. And all these interests command powerful lobbies in Washington.

Opposing them, we find many of the Americans stationed in Manila, certain manufacturing interests selling goods and machinery in the protected area of the Islands, importers of Philippine products, a few investors in Philippine bonds and commercial enterprises and last, but by no means least, public opinion.

It was this powerful public opinion which, till recently, frustrated the efforts of the farmers' and labor's lobbies. It argues that, if left alone, the Philippines and their hard-wrought achievements will vanish like so much butter in the tropical sun. This attitude implies that the Islands must be developed till they stand as firm as the United States.

But look what has happened to the United States!

The simple fact is that no country can guarantee any other country eternal security, happiness and prosperity. It is to the credit of the United States that it offered the Philippines a vast market, that it civilized a large number of its people and that it adhered throughout three decades to a fine policy of human rights. It is to the credit of the Filipinos that they have for years maintained a stable government with stable finances.

But if the present ties are continued they will increase rather than diminish prevailing trade difficulties: because in the end there is no other solution of the sugar problem but at the sacrifice of the American farmer; because the individual branches of Philippine agriculture will be handicapped till they learn to fight for the world market. And finally, because there comes in the life of every colonial country the time when its people feel their own strength — and feel like testing it in open competition, even though their standard of living, their methods of government, their economic activities may have to undergo changes.

A pound of meat or a carload of sugar without market means little in the life of a nation when compared with the pride of freedom.

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A Lesson for Lenders

By A. A. Boublikoff

In our recent bank holiday there is a moral which applies equally to the War debts

The impasse is reached. Even in the opinion of the most optimistically inclined, one more payment and the interallied debts will have to be forgotten, leaving a residue of bad feeling with every one concerned. Perhaps the worst part of the affair is that at least one debtor shows no sign of bad faith, but is utterly unable to continue the payments.

Was this situation really unavoidable? Is there still no way out?

The answer rests with America. If she would stop thumping her chest at the thought of being a creditor country and begin trying to understand what the conception implies, a solution might still be found.

Until the World War, the United States was always a debtor country. Since she became a creditor nation only recently and quite unexpectedly, it is a very difficult task for her to readjust her mentality to the new status. The extent of confusion which reigns in her mind in regard to her financial relations with the outside world can be shown best by citing a very solemn address which some time ago was made by one of the most prominent American political leaders and which was devoted to "clarifying" the American stand on the foreign debt question. The speaker took great pains to demonstrate that America did not make profits from the War. In order to prove this rather surprising thesis he deducted from the Wartime balances of trade, the War expenditures of the United States War Department and even the losses during the slump of 1920–1921.

A similar statement made in an old creditor country like France or England would provoke mirth. The public would demand of the speaker: "How, then; by what miracle did America become a creditor nation if not through making profits? What have the internal War expenditures of the Treasury to do with the external profits of the nation?" In America the address was taken seriously. Of course, the American "man in the street" knows very little about international finance. Yet he should not be accused of ignorance, if his own "leaders" preach such economic absurdities.

The main difference between a debtor and a creditor is this: a

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debtor can pay off his debts and forget about the existence of creditors in the world. The creditor can never be "paid off." He can exchange one debtor for another, but he never can be rid of them — so long as he remains a creditor. He can "cash in" only if he becomes bankrupt and begins to "eat up" his capital, as the European creditor nations did, when the War ruined them. A debtor can stop borrowing and be none the worse for it. The creditor can not stop lending without injuring himself immediately.

Quite recently the American public at large decided to stop lending their money to the banks. The total losses to be suffered from this policy are yet to be seen. Not only did it cause the public to lose interest on the money; it forced the Federal Reserve to issue over two billion dollars of additional currency; it finally closed all the country's banks; and consequent upon that, necessitated a further issue of currency as yet uncalculated. This currency inflation may have wide repercussions and in the final account will hit all the foolish hoarders who imagined that they were protecting their interests by refusing to deposit their money with the banks. Their notes, while hidden in mattresses and cupboards, will lose a good portion of their buying power.

France before the War was a world banker. Her foreign coupon and dividend account was three billion francs annually during the last pre-War decade. In 1913 it was an even five billions. And all this money was immediately reinvested as soon as it came in. There was always a free market in francs.

Had France failed to act so, had she insisted upon cashing in the sums due her without reinvesting them, the world stock of gold would long ago have accumulated in the coffers of the Banque de France; most of the countries would have gone off the gold standard and closed their borders to French importations.

Of course, being a rich country, France never cared to export more than she imported. She preferred to enjoy the benefit of being rich and to let other peoples toil for her. Yet she wanted to export too, especially things she produced in excess of her own needs and better or cheaper than other peoples could. She knew only too well that disrupted currency systems and lack of credit facilities would close for her the markets of the debtor nations and imperil her former investments.

Therefore her foreign credit operations ran with the precision of clockwork. Her "favorable" balance of accounts corresponded almost exactly to the "unfavorable" balances of her debtors and was reinvested. No considerable movement of gold in kind ever occurred. France's stock of gold was less than Russia's. No European debtor country ever complained that it was technically impossible to make payments to France.

America, by stopping her foreign investment after the crash of 1929, has created a corner in dollars. How could the Allies acquire the dollars which they needed to effect payment to America? By sending goods? America doesn't want them. By selling their private shares and bonds? American investors would refuse to take them.

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Of course, France could discharge her debt to America in gold. Her stock of gold is large enough to enable her to pay off all her debt to America at once. Yet it would be a calamity for America if France chose to do that. Through such an action gold would be demonetized by one stroke. Impossible? Gold has served as a universal medium of exchange for centuries? So has silver, yet nowadays it is mere merchandise. Segregated in a single country, gold could not serve as a basis of international trade and for the issue of currency. Europe has in the Bank of International Settlements a ready apparatus for supplanting gold with some international money of account.

If gold in kind can not serve as a means for acquiring dollars, what is a practical means for making payments to America?

The only way is to induce the American public to resume foreign investment. But this can hardly be expected for years to come after the sad experience of the last American venture into the foreign field under the none too wise guidance of New York bankers.

Some roundabout way must be created, offering to the public a solid guarantee against any eventual loss of principal and revenue.

There *is* a practical possibility of solving this problem. One has only to analyze the objections of the debtors without prejudice and the solution will suggest itself easily. It could be imagined approximately along the following lines:

The United States Government might demand that the payments be made in local moneys instead of in dollars. No foreign Government could possibly assert that it was unable to do this, while the impossibility of raising dollars can be easily proven in many cases. Besides this, the demand for being paid in local money would make valid the argument that money now squandered on armaments could be applied to the payment of the debts. This argument now, of course, is an economic absurdity: the War expenditures are made in local money and the debts are paid, if at all, in foreign exchange.

Sums received from the debtors would be placed in the hands of a Holding Company (to be created for this purpose) and the Company would invest them in securities of the countries concerned. Instead of "bleeding" Europe, America through such a Company would in a most energetic way participate in its economic recovery. Investment, foreign included, would be resumed on a large scale, and this investment would immediately stimulate industrial activity. Under such conditions the most active elements of the country, instead of protesting against the payments to America, would welcome them. Of course, the foreign taxpayer would hold the bag. But his objections would be drowned in the grandiloquent assertions of the bankers, industrialists and rentiers that the country's honor demanded payment in full.

Using its holdings of foreign securities as collateral, the Company would issue from time to time dollar bonds on the American market and turn over the proceeds of such borrowing operations to the United States Treasury. Thus the vexing "transfer problem" would be elimi-

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nated. On the other hand, even the scared American public would be inclined to buy these foreign bonds. In a few years the portfolio of the Holding Company would consist of diversified securities of nearly all countries. Its holdings would increase steadily and any defaulted issue would be easily replaced.

Nobody can prove that the plan as described is unfeasible, that it would not give practical results. And it is plain now that a stubborn demand to pay "to the last red cent" will only arouse universal animosity.

World problems of such magnitude can not be approached with a shopkeeper's mentality. Of course, a bank must honor its checks, but no bank can do it without being constantly financed by the public, without the flow back to the bank of the sums paid out. There are not dollars enough to pay off all the banking deposits at once; we have lately had an object lesson in this. And it holds just as true in regard to foreign indebtedness: this can not be "paid off" unless the American public reinvests the money received where it came from.

All present difficulties are due to the fact that America stopped functioning as a creditor nation. Exactly the same impasse was created within the country when the American people stopped entrusting their funds to the banks.

Let us hope this lesson has been learned, that no creditor can stop lending without hurting himself most.

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The Sun Was Over the Foreyard

By William McFee

A Story

The sun shone on the shipping in London River, but there was a chill in the autumn air as a short mariner with a trim red beard, and with an old frieze cloak over his shoulders, was rowed up on the tide from the Custom House, past Queen-hythe and White Friars, to the Temple Stairs. Here he got ashore nimbly enough and paid off his waterman, who for some reason forebore to make the usual noisy demand for double fare. Instead he made fast his skiff to the piles and waited.

Admiring the great hall, not long completed, our mariner took his way up towards Temple Bar, where a baker's dozen of traitors' heads hung askew on spikes. Here were some plain substantial buildings, very new and modern, being chambers for men of the studious sort, and lawyers who had business at the court of the King's Bench hard by. Very tony, indeed, thought the red-bearded little man approvingly, who was lodging in Cripplegate for the present, next door to his old kinsman and shipmate, Jack Hawkins. He gave a sharp knock on a certain door, looked about him as though he thought he might be recognized but hoped for the best, and presently was admitted.

"You are very welcome, Master Francis," said the handsome person seated at a big table in the window. He rose with dignity and came forward. He spoke with urbane precision. The red-bearded visitor was pleased. He looked round and nodded at the oak furnishings. This was something like. This was what it meant to be a gentleman born. He had the curious faculty, this sea-rover, of keeping his admiration for all men and things within bounds. He pulled out a roll of paper, laid his hat, cloak and sword on the settle and said, with an abrupt, dismaying authority:

"Well, Captain Doughty, let us see what you have there." And he nodded towards the papers on the table. Reaching behind him, he drew a chair up and sat down. Suddenly and by that change of posture, he became august and a ruler over men. Captain Doughty smiled and pulled at his own nicely tended beard.

"In a word," he said, "nobody believes you are sailing for Alexandria, or Aleppo, or even Smyrna, and King Philip's men are close on our track."

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"De Guaras for a ducat! We have the Queen, and nought else matters."

"Burleigh matters, my friend," said Captain Doughty. "And he trusts you not in this matter. He says you have made trouble enough between his mistress and Spain, and he would have an end."

"You have seen him?" The reddish brown eyebrows rose as the mariner said these words.

"He hath made me an offer of a secretaryship," said Doughty frankly. "I told him I was in a bond with you."

"There would be no English keels west of the Scillies if he had his way," said Drake, fisting the papers in his palm.

"De Guaras hath his ear, and Sir John Crofts's also."

"Crofts! If I liked a Papist in Spanish pay, I would love Crofts," muttered the man in the chair. "These men would have us towing like a cock-boat in the wake of the Don's poop-lanterns. Have you no good news at all then?"

"Only that the Queen — so I hear — will send for you in a few days. You will tell her . . ."

"Ha! Say you so?" The red beard seemed to turn up at the point as the owner of it began to stride to and fro over the floor of the chamber, as though he were in his admiral's cabin already. He swung round on his companion, his gray eyes very hard and bright, the burnished hair on his head thrust up like a cock's comb in his excitement: "Hark you, Master Doughty, I can deal with the Queen's Majesty. Have no fear on that score." He walked to and fro, and Captain Doughty, a whimsical smile on his clever, handsome face, watched him.

"I can turn her about my little finger," said the other man, in an ecstasy.

"Surely," said Doughty, "I have heard you preach on that text in Ireland. 'The world encompassed by the men of Devon.' It would be well to remember that the Queen lends an ear also to those who wish to be at peace with Spain."

"There can be no peace with idolaters," said Drake, looking out of the window in an attempt to see the clock on the Temple Church. "How now, Captain; is there a tavern near your fine new lodging?" Master Doughty nodded.

"One hard by Ludgate." He glanced at a leather bottle hanging over the hearth and made an unmistakable gesture. The visitor nodded, but with a poise that showed he was no immoderate quaffer. He squinted out of the window once again.

"Aye," he said. "Time for a tankard. The sun's over the foreyard."

"Idolaters, say you?" said Master Doughty as they took up their gear to go out. "If you tell that to the Queen you will never see the Indies again, Master Francis."

THEY had been in Ireland together, these two, and their friendship was a symbol of their time, when England was full of growing pains and all her strong rogues and masterless men were clamoring at the seaports for jobs on ships. They all wanted to sail foreign. Men with gold ear-rings, and with broad belts lately stuffed

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with gold dust from Guinea, could be found, full of loud talk, in many taverns through the land. Young men, who grew sullen when the alehouse argument turned to the new Prayer Book, wanted to get away from the endless business of bell, book and candle, and try their luck on the open sea. The rich were growing richer and the poor poorer, for with all the land going under grass for the sheepmen, where could a farmer or his laborers find a living? So there were two sorts who were coming up in the world — clever well-born men of education like Captain Doughty, and humbly born men of rare ability, who could command men at sea or on shore, and who had no love for legalities. Such was Francis Drake, born a Devon man, reared in a house made of a ship's hull on the shores of the Medway, and a seaman since he was a lad of fourteen because his father could not afford to keep him at home. "Get on, get honor, get honest," his old employer used to say; and young Francis set his course by it. He had got on after a fashion, but nothing to write home about. To tell the blunt truth, he had had to disappear for a while. And it was during that exile in Ireland that he had met Tom Doughty, who was a rare fellow for knowing a good man when he saw one, and who was a book-learned gentleman. Thomas Doughty, Gent., he wrote his name. Knew all these big men at court into the bargain. One of these days it would be Francis Drake, Gent., please God and by favor of the Queen! The bluff would be called, one of these days, and many of those Spanish admirals were no more than stuffed shirts when it came to boarding and fighting it out on the poop. Any man who had a good ship and a crew he could trust would make some money then. Any man, that is, who would know how to handle the Queen.

Handle her he did, for he left her laughing, and she even danced a little as she went to the window to see him swaggering through the courtyard of the palace. The Lord Treasurer, who had come in, did not laugh nor dance. Lord Burleigh was a sorely worried man these days. He did not say much about the stout little pilot down there. His own nose was for the present out of joint. Here he was, the Queen's senior counselor, striving with might and main to keep the peace with Castile, checkmating the great lords who thought to buttress themselves with Elizabeth by Protestant piracy, and here was the Spanish agent caught by Walsingham's men sending treasonable letters to the Queen of Scots. One could never trust a Spaniard. Now this pretended voyager to Alexandria would set out, there would be more galleons sunk, and it would be my Lord Burleigh's painful business to smooth matters over again.

Late the same evening Captain Doughty, while Drake was talking ship's stores with Jack Hawkins in the Saracen's Head, sat in Lord Burleigh's cabinet in a house in Black Friars and took some instructions. As he expected, the Lord Treasurer found that the ships getting ready at Plymouth were certainly not for the Levant. That devil Drake had blarneyed the Queen into letting him go down into the

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Great South Sea, through the straits Magellan had discovered, and there to trade with the Indians!

"Trade!" echoed the trembling statesman. "Did he ever trade in his life with a Spaniard? He would take the crosses from off their altars, and call it trade."

"If they were heavy enough," agreed Doughty, smiling. "He is beside himself with pride over this command, and the Queen's honeyed words. He may work the ruin of her power in the Low Countries."

The Lord Treasurer beckoned him to come close, and the two heads lay cheek by jowl as the wily old politician whispered. Doughty nodded assent.

"It shall be as you desire," he said, and he left the master of his fortune staring hard at the paneling, lost in troubled thought.

Out of all the inns of Plymouth men and boys came running, with dunnage bags over their shoulders and pot-boys bawling for the price of the last tankard. Out of the Turk's Head on St. Andrews Street, the Pope's Head on Love Street and the Mitre on Woolster Street they came running down to Sutton Pool. A long thin note on a bugle they heard from the poop of the flagship, and the muttering of a drum. Shallops and skiffs were ready to take them off. Wives and sweethearts came running too to the dockside, some quite calm and collected, others throwing aprons over their heads and boo-hooing. The drum went on thudding, however, and soon the boat-loads of mariners were pulling hard for the Cattewater. A cold, cold wind was blowing over the Cattedown Hill, for it was December, less than a fortnight from Christmas, and the boys shivered a little as they thought of the wintry seas outside.

There were five ships at anchor and on the poop of the largest a small man with a trim red beard walked up and down. The wind was in his favor to get the fleet down past St. Nicholas Island and out of the Sound. The shipwrights had finished their work on the hull, the riggers had tightened up the standing rigging which had been strained in a struggle to beat off the Cornish coast. He walked up and down. Now that he was on his own poop deck, with stores on board, liberty men rowing back as fast as they could, and everything once more ship-shape and Bristol fashion, the burden of responsibility pressed down upon him and him alone. The Queen had put money into this affair, no doubt, to the tune of a thousand crowns, and court people like Secretary Walsingham were behind him. But none of them knew what was in his mind beyond a visit to Spain's private ocean. If he failed, or fell into the hands of the Dons, that was his own affair. The Queen would know nothing about him. So he walked up and down, and his drum boomed across the Cattewater to the Hoe, where he had often played bowls of an evening. The sailor men and boys climbed on board, throwing their dunnage ahead of them, giving rough farewells to their kinsmen who were rowing back to Plymouth. Anchors were coming up already. As the *Pelican* swung clear, the Admiral, seeing Captain Doughty talking to Master Vicary,

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a gentleman adventurer fresh from his law-books in Cliffords Inn, hailed them both with authority. There was a certain subtle protest in their deliberate response. Drake gave them a clap and a punch in the ribs, and as the drumming ceased, he pointed to the southward. A lad of fourteen in a green leather suit came up the cabin ladder and blew a call on a silver bugle.

"Ha, John," said the Admiral to him, "Is it dinner time already? What say you, gentlemen? Are you sharp set? The sun is over the foreyard. Once we have her under sail and clear of the island, John can bring us a noggin of *aqua vitae*. Meantime, gentlemen, go you down and eat at the first table. I'll follow when the anchor's snug and the watch is set. John, turn the glass. We're away this time, please God!"

THEY were away indeed. Running down to the Scillies, the boy John Drake tried to get the Captain to promise him shore leave in Egypt. He and young Amyas Stalling, a powder boy, wanted to see the sights.

"Cousin, cousin," said the Captain, "I fear me you'll wait long ere you see the sights of Egypt. We're bound on another course this time, my lad."

"Whither, cousin Francis?" said the lad. "The men in the forecastle say, we are for Guinea, we are for the Brazils, we are for Hispaniola, and . . ."

"And they sent thee to pump the Captain, seeing thou art his kinsman, hey? Well, the Captain sends them all his love and this message — ax me no questions and I'll tell 'ee no lies. That's good Devon talk, I reckon. Tell them to pump the ship, for the Captain is dry as tinder and like enough to take fire."

As a fact, he had serious thoughts in the days that followed. There was something amiss in the fleet and he could not fathom it. Day followed day, and week succeeded week, and there was no luck about the voyage at all. The weather, after the Cape Verde Islands were left behind, became damnable, and there was trouble in the other ships. Witchcraft was in the air. Sails blew out of their bolt-ropes. Fiery corposants sat on the yards, so that men fell on their knees and prayed instead of going aloft. Drake sat in his fine cabin and John stood uneasily behind his chair. Captain Doughty, among his gentlemen-adventurers, smiled from the other end of the table. Young Drake had told the Admiral a tale. Captain Doughty's young brother Jack was boasting how any Doughty could make foul weather by writing magic signs on a piece of paper and casting it into the sea. They could raise the devil too, he claimed, and evoke spirits from the vasty deep. Drake listened, now watching these two men among their social equals, gentlefolk all, in his cabin, eating from his silver ware. Only that morning he had found, caught in a coil of rope on deck, a scrap of paper whereon were signs neither letters nor numerals. Thrown from an open scuttle and blown up on deck. He had kept it and shown it to Master Fletcher, the chaplain of the fleet, who had been skilled in exorcism in his young days. The parson said it was the work of Satan, who was on

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board the ship in human form. It was beyond question that the weather was not in nature. Who, asked the Admiral, did Parson Fletcher think was lodging the devil in his person? Here the preacher made a slip. "The Portygee pilot your honor took off the captured caracks in the Cape Verdes," he said.

"Say'st thou?" said Drake with a sudden stream of oaths. "Hark ye, Master Fletcher, that is not well done. Thinkest I know not thou hast been closeted with the captain of the gentlemen? I know it well. One thing I know not, whether Master Doughty told thee to say Nuño da Silva is a witch or whether it was thine own hare-brain."

So saying, he kicked the gaping, flabbergasted cleric up the ladder and bade him go and commune with the winds of heaven.

Now, as he drew ever more and more to the southward, with Pilot da Silva showing him the way along that stormy Brazilian coast, a dread of the cloud overhanging his enterprise seized his soul, so that he fell upon his knees in his cabin and prayed for deliverance. The doubt in his mind of the gentleman Doughty, the smooth, clever emissary who had been to the Lord Treasurer on his own account, began to harden. One by one the incidents of the voyage, the mutinous talk on the ships whenever the man had been talking among the crews, came together. If Doughty were placed on board any one of the vessels, she would be out of sight next morning. If Doughty stepped on board, the sailing master and the gunner would be heard talking half-baked treason inside of a night-watch. Why had he, Admiral Drake, not seen it before? Well he had not seen it because he trusted a gentleman. He had believed the gentleman accepted him as an equal. He swore a deep oath and made up his mind. Doughty was more of a necromancer than a gentleman. Well, when he found a place to beach the ships and careen them, for their bottoms were by now monstrous foul with barnacles, he would rid his fleet of this other incubus also. It was an amazing thing to see, the way this cockalorum was acting as if he had co-equal authority with the Admiral. Everything had been tried and it was of no avail. Give him a separate command, and he sailed off on his own, and it took all the skill of a consummate navigator to overhaul him. Put him in charge of spoils and he broached the cargo. Gloves, money and jewelry they found in his dunnage. And he carried it off with the air of a man who had secret orders from home. The whole fleet was disaffected.

The Admiral took another tack. He laid alongside of this old acquaintance, to whom he had unburdened himself in Ireland of his scheme to lead a squadron into the ports of gold, and showed him how trouble was being made and that there must be a change. He told Captain Doughty that his, the Admiral's, commission from the Queen was sufficient for all mutinous movements, and if aught happened his word would suffice when he returned home.

Doughty said, with that glance of gentlemanly superiority that Drake dreaded and hated, "You can do no

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harm to me, Master Francis. There be those at home for whom the lightest word out of my mouth would weigh more than thy oath. There be those who know the whole story, whither we go, to sack the ports of Peru."

The Admiral stood for a moment in a rage.

"Who?" he barked.

"Why the Lord Treasurer, for one," sneered the gentleman adventurer. Drake threw up his hands.

"The Queen made me swear on my knees: she gave me special commandment that my Lord Treasurer should not know it," he stormed. "Did not Master Secretary Walsingham plead with me to give him my sea-card of the voyage, and did I not refuse him? Would it not be my death-warrant if the Queen died ere we return and the Queen of Scots were made Queen? And now thou sayest — but it is not possible. From whom could he have it? Answer for thy life!"

"He had it from me," said Captain Doughty scornfully.

"Did he, by God?" said the Admiral, and struck him across the jaw so that he fell back on the rail.

"Now!" said Doughty, holding his face and looking like a devil, "thou shalt rue this day." Men came running up to the poop.

"Take him away!" roared the Admiral. "Make a signal to the ship *Christopher*, to come alongside. And make this man fast to the pillory. He is a prisoner for sedition."

Well nigh fifty degrees south of the Line the ships lay at anchor in the land-locked harbor of Port St. Julian. One by one and tide by tide they were beached and careened to make ready for the terrible days ahead. New sails were bent and cordage freshly tarred, while the pintles of the rudders were narrowly scanned for flaws. The salt junk was gone over, the rotten water thrown out and the casks cleaned. In the midst of all this work the drum began to beat the long roll, and the men came running. They saw the prisoner walking slowly towards the rendezvous, talking earnestly to lawyer Vicary and Parson Fletcher. The Admiral was seated by a rough table in front of the drummer and hard by the jury was assembling, full forty men, of all ranks and ratings from foreman John Winter, captain of the *Elizabeth*, down through Vicary and Fletcher to chief armorers and gunners of the fleet. They sat in the lee of the rocks in the depth of an Antarctic winter, with red noses and their breath steaming, their eyes fixed on the Commander, and the whole company was assembled there.

Drake stared down at them from his seat on the slope. The pressure on his heart was terrible. Just behind him on the knoll lay the fallen fir-tree beams of a gibbet. Fernando Magellan, half a century before, and the first to sail these seas, had turned to bay here in St. Julian and faced a mutiny. Two of his captains he had hanged, drawn and quartered. He had marooned two underlings in this place to watch the birds pick the carcasses clean, and to die of starvation and the atrocious cold of the nights. He had gone on then and found the passage, and sailed to the Moluccas, the first Christian to shoot the Straits, the first to

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encompass the earth. Drake sat staring before him at the assembled Englishmen. There was no going back now. The Portugee pilot was watching him. The captains were watching him. Every man, as the witnesses stepped forth and made the guilt of his old friend blacker and blacker, watched the Admiral to see how he would weather this storm. So at last he stood up.

"Lo, my masters," he said quietly, "what this fellow hath done. God will have his treachery known. What say you? Is he guilty?"

There was a pause and then a movement among the jurymen. And Master Vicary the lawyer from Clifford's Inn, rose and offered a point of law.

"Please, your honor," he said smoothly, "I doubt much whether this jury hath power to condemn the gentleman to death, which is the reward of traitors." Drake turned towards him and stroked the red beard.

"That is the word of a crafty lawyer," he remarked, "but you, Master Vicary, will understand that I ask you only to say whether he is guilty. The sentence is with me. There lies my commission." And he dropped the sealed parchment upon the table. "What say you, my masters? Guilty or not guilty?"

They said, in twos and threes, that he was guilty. Then came the sharp command from the little man whose gray eyes held them spellbound.

"What say you then? Is it death? Show me your hands — yea or nay."

He carried them along on the sharp point of his will. They put up their hands with one accord and sank at once upon their knees, still holding up their hands in prayer.

"Then, Thomas Doughty, I pronounce thee a child of death, yet am I persuaded that I shall hereby make thee a servant of God. Hast thou aught to say?"

"Only this, Master Francis, there being no way out for me or for you, that I would make my peace with God, receiving the Sacrament according to our faith, and that thou wilt be pleased to receive it with me."

"I will surely do that, Master Doughty," said the Admiral. And in due time when the place of execution had been made ready and the condemned gentleman had made his last will and testament and had written all his letters for his kinsmen at home, he and his Admiral knelt in Holy Communion. Then Drake proposed a marvelous thing. He invited Master Doughty to dinner, which was shortly before noon. And Doughty, at peace with this world and ready for the next, accepted like a gentleman. He smiled indeed as the *Pelican*, soon to be called *The Golden Hind*, floated on the inrushing tide from the Atlantic. He pointed towards her.

"The sun is over the foreyard, Master Francis. So let us drink to thy good fortune in the South Sea."

MEN and boys at work on the ships, warping them out from the beach and manning the boats to lay the anchors toward the entrance, were strangely silent on this winter day. Young John Drake's face had been white to the lips as he stood behind the chair of his kinsman during that last dinner, and passed the wine cup to each in turn. And

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when the drum boomed out an hour later, the hearts of all of them almost stopped. Slowly they trooped to the place of execution, not far from Magellan's fallen gibbet. The fleet carpenter, a man of many voyages to the dark places of the earth, and full of sardonic philosophizings, had made some wooden tankards out of one end of this horrid lumber. He made the boys shudder by the offer of a drink therefrom. Now even he was silent and watching, save that he muttered to young Amyas Stalling, who was like to blubber a little.

"See!" he said, clutching the youth's shoulder hard. "See how a gentleman can die. None of your base-born fellows he."

The prisoner was kneeling by the block and the soldier, with a heavy sword, was waiting. Master Doughty prayed for the Queen and the good fortune of the voyagers and those about him joined in his supplications. Then, standing up, he spoke a while to the Admiral apart, and the Admiral nodded several times with energy and patted Doughty on the arm; but what passed between them he took with him to his own lonely grave in Nombre Dios Bay.

"And now," said Master Doughty with a smile to the soldier, "if thou make due allowance for the shortness of my neck, I am ready for thee." And without binding or blinding he knelt him down, and the heavy sword rose and descended, and the eyes of all those men were turned inward upon their own hearts. As in a dream they beheld the soldier holding up the head for them all to see, and the voice of their commander called out:

"Lo! this is the end of traitors."

They were going slowly backward from this place of death, glad to leave the last duties to the gentlemen, when the Admiral called them back.

"Tomorrow at this time," he said, "the tide will serve and we shall depart. Be at this place without fail an hour before noon."

When he faced them once again, after a night of heavy thoughts and solemn prayer, the Admiral's face was set and stern above the ruff that stuck out over the collar of his frieze cloak. He wore his gloves, and a hat with one single feather at the side was crammed down over his unruly brown hair. He had had his beard trimmed, and he watched them assemble on the beach without sign of joy or grief. Then he began to speak.

He told them that he had sought God's will in the business to which they were consecrated, and it was this, that they all go down on their knees, confessing their sins to their Savior, and receive the Sacrament from the Reverend Fletcher. He also, the Admiral, would kneel with them.

One by one they received the Body and Blood of the Lord, and prayed to God to forgive them all their trespasses. As they rose, Parson Fletcher, very important at this moment, said to the Admiral that there was no time like to the present for a sermon before sailing into the unknown.

"Right," said Captain Francis. "But 'tis I who will deliver this exhortation. Stand away, Master Fletcher, I have a bone to pick with the company."

So he began, in quiet fashion, to

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tell them that they were now all in a community of loving kindness together, consecrated to the service of their Lord Jesus and Her Majesty the Queen. There were to be in future no more treacherous conspiracies, no retreat from the business at hand. His voice rose as he explained this trouble to them, his gray eyes fixing the gentlemen adventurers. "Doth hair grow on the palms of your hands?" he asked them. "By the Life of God, it doth take my wits from me to think of you gentlemen sitting at your ease while the mariners toil for all of us. The gentlemen in the future must haul and draw with the mariner and the mariner with the gentlemen.

"And now for the faint-hearted," he roared facing them all. "See yonder my ship, the *Marygold*. Let all the craven, who have no stomach for what is to come, step this way. To them I give the *Marygold*, to sail home, to tell the girls of Plymouth what brave lads they be, while we go onward to shoot the Straits. But if any take her, I give them fair warning, home they must go. If I find 'em in my way, by God I'll surely sink 'em. No one? Not one brave lad wants to see the Hoe before we are done with the great South Sea? Then let it be so.

"Now for you, my masters!" He whirled suddenly upon the officers of his fleet. "Let me tell you this. I reduce you all this moment to simple mariners. Your commissions I withdraw by virtue of my commission from the Queen."

He stood and faced them furiously as they murmured and looked one at the other or on the ground.

"All of you, I say," he told them. "You have no authority save from me alone. Will one of you speak for the rest? What authority apart from me? Speak, Master Winter. Thou hast the right to speak for all mariners."

"We would not deny the authority," said Master Winter, quietly.

"It is well," said Drake, "and I in turn do restore you all to your authority. See!" he cried with a change of voice, "the tide is on the turn, and the wind is fair. All aboard now, and leave a clean beach for the next ship. Gentlemen," he said to the commanders and lieutenants who came around him, "this is a most auspicious moment in our lives. John, bring the tankards and my own bottle. Gentlemen, the sun is over the foreyard! I give you — the Queen!"

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Growing Up to Play

By H. W. Whicker

In the schools and colleges of 1933 there is need for a very different training in recreation

The justification of educational processes rests upon the assumption that they afford a training which enables the individual to adjust himself intelligently and honorably to the circumstances of existence. Institutions of learning, accordingly, offer programmes based upon the intellectual and the physical, in the belief that a formal routine of study and activity prepares the student for the positive discharge of his social and civil obligations. At its best, then, an educational system progresses as life progresses; otherwise, it fails.

The low percentage of illiteracy over the nation indicates some progress in the academic side of education, whatever its faults. General confusion in all matters related to leisure and recreation point to neglect and failure in the physical; and it must be admitted that a modern system of physical education, adequate to the needs of our age, is still a dream of the future.

No one in particular is to blame for the present situation, least of all the educator. Before 1900 we worked from ten to sixteen hours a day in any occupation or profession. We had little opportunity for recreation. Leisure among the masses was unknown. Our energy, mental and physical, went into production. During that period, and as far back as the Civil War, play for play's sake and sport for sport's sake were generally disparaged. Baseball, then the leading game, had first to advertise the town or mercantile establishment which supported the team; it had next to show a profit at the gate. This was also true of most other sports and games.

It was inevitable that the commercial tradition summed up in athletic advertising and gate receipts should force its way into school and college physical programmes, then in their infancy, and all of competitive nature. Hard-headed business men, and others who sent their sons to college to increase their earning capacity, regarded football, basketball, baseball and track as frivolity and a waste of time that could be more profitably spent in pursuit of the academic degrees which would open the way to big salaries and "white-collar" jobs. Such sports and games,

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they felt, had no legitimate claim upon public moneys set aside for educational budgets. When educators finally realized that student health and physical development were educational problems, they were forced to make their appeal in terms considered practical by a sober, tax-paying public as yet unaccustomed to the spectacular.

Their arguments were ingenious: "Why do we have a football team? Why do we encourage our youth to participate in games? Because we must *advertise* our institution! We are doing our best to build you a great State university. To build such a university we must increase our enrolment. Football places the university name before the public; it fires the imagination of youth, commands his loyalty and brings him here for matriculation. Two years ago, we won the conference gridiron title; the following year our enrolment showed a twenty per cent increase. That means new buildings, staff increases, greater prominence; then too, this system has its by-product of student health. Of what value is a strong mind in a feeble body? We may also add that you have no reason to complain: admittance is charged at the gate; the system pays for itself; it builds its own gymnasia and stadia. However, to meet your wishes in the matter, we'll wash our hands of the responsibility; we'll let the students run it through their *graduate-manager*."

Such an argument was final. The new system of intercollegiate athletic competition became too firmly entrenched in student patriotism, alumni loyalty and public sentiment to be flexible in the face of changing conditions. Unlike the academic, it had the color and drama of the spectacular at a time when life itself was becoming more spectacular. Though it waddled into the spotlight as an unwanted child, its growth and development were amazing; it was soon strangling economic serpents in its cradle; militantly it set out upon its Twelve Labors. That it is still considered more important by the vast majority than anything else in college life is shown by the curious facts that star athletes are subsidized more generously than academic instructors are paid, and that almost any *winning* coach gifted with business acumen commands a greater salary for a few weeks' work than the president of his institution.

In the meantime, from 1900 on through to the present, life changed at a surprising rate. The machine brought the modern industrial revolution, increasing and perfecting production, and shortening working hours. Soon after the World War the American public awakened to the fact that it was laboring from six to eight hours a day; that the physical rigors of the old industrial system were gone; that its bodies were growing soft and flabby; and that it had time on its hands. In addition, the machine had given us greater mobility through the automobile. Leisure time was suddenly a circumstance of modern life demanding sane adjustment on the part of the individual. Recreation became a problem.

For its solution we bought popular-priced cars, we built highways, and we turned *en masse* to the Great American Outdoors; we spent vast sums for municipal playgrounds, golf

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courses, tennis courts, swimming pools and athletic clubs. We set aside virgin areas for national parks. We thronged to mountain, sea and forest. And still, alas, the problem is far from solved, though we have every facility natural and mechanical. We are lost in our Great American Outdoors. We dash madly to the Yellowstone or the Grand Canyon, then dash madly back. Our speed on the highways is terrific, scenic beauty a blur. We do not know, as a public, how to hunt, fish, explore, camp and enjoy what Nature has to offer us. We do not know how to conduct ourselves on municipal playgrounds, tennis courts and golf courses. We find boredom along the sea beach. We spend nearly ten billions annually for recreation, but these billions show no proportionate return in physical health and relaxation. We do not know how to play; we have never been taught how to play. Since we depend upon our educational system for that training which enables us to adjust ourselves intelligently and honorably to the circumstances of existence, and since leisure and recreation are now among those circumstances, is it not reasonable to demand that school and college departments of physical education modernize their programmes to meet these needs?

THE outworn attitudes which grew up before 1900 have retarded the progress of men's physical education, and are to no little degree responsible for the present situation. The main emphasis still goes into such intercollegiate spectacles as football, a game whose sole objectives are commercial — that is, advertising the institution for enrolment increase and gate receipts. Since a losing team has little advertising significance, and still less financial value at the turnstile, winning at any price is of necessity the first objective to the sacrifice of student participation, mass health development and recreation, and other vital considerations which, at this day, might justify the system's place in an educational programme.

My experience as a coach is, on the whole, the experience of every coach in major intercollegiate competition. Each year, on a campus whose student enrolment numbered more than three thousand, at least a hundred youths in all stages of athletic experience and development answered my first seasonal call. Limited training facilities, such as gymnasium space and equipment, compelled me to reduce this squad to a minimum of thirty or less. The permanency of my coaching tenure in the institution, due to the stress on team advertising and drawing power at the gate, rested upon my ability to whip together a team which would be a formidable contender for the conference championship.

Under such a pressure I eliminated from my squad the awkward, undeveloped youth who, if physical well-being were a consideration in the system, needed my professional time and attention in training drills and processes. Under such a pressure, I retained the star athlete who had reached the height of his physical prowess, and who no longer had a logical claim upon my instruction. I next proceeded to force this select few through the rigors of a training grind which overtrained, overdeveloped and sapped their vitality until, at the

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close of the season, they were exhausted, stale and in far worse condition than when they reported for the opening workout. That, in general, is the price both the coach and the athlete pay for intercollegiate advertising and gate receipts — not to mention the practical exclusion of student masses.

THERE is, however, another and a greater evil, judged from present circumstances. If, for instance, a student devotes four years of his time to the study of academic subjects which have no possible bearing upon the life he must lead after commencement exercises, such a course is branded folly. On the other hand, we applaud the star athlete who spends four years of his college career specializing in football and other intercollegiate competitions, knowing that when he is done, when he goes out into the professional world, he must turn to other activities and cultivate other habits for his recreation.

In my case again, and it is a typical case, I participated in four intercollegiate sports, their range from football to wrestling. After college, when my way led to regulated temperature and the desk, I found the problem of normal, healthful exercise one of insoluble complexity. In the first place, my muscular development was extreme, so much so that only strenuous exercise over a period of several hours would stimulate invigoration, start sluggish blood rushing and bring perspiration — something that any one but a veteran athlete may do in a brisk walk, a few sets of tennis, or a round of golf. Again, for years Nature had been forced to react to meet the demands of training and competition with a superabundance of physical energy. When this energy no longer found its outlet in intercollegiate seasonal exertion, it took the form of fat. I am now inclined to the belief that this is the physical history of most athletes, and that it accounts for the preponderance of their number who are broken-down, obese old war-horses soon after thirty. If so, the present system is highly injurious to the health of its few active participants at a time when it almost completely absorbs coaching instruction and equipment that legitimately belong to student masses.

Like not a few others, I found myself out in life wholly lacking in the knowledge and training adequate for my recreational problems, and seriously handicapped by my previous physical experience. When I needed exercise, I could no longer turn to football, basketball, track or wrestling; I was lost in a world of municipal tennis, golf, handball and swimming. I had won my place on varsity teams; but that was gruelling labor, and I had not learned to play. Eventually, I turned to forest trails; I picked up canoeing, hunting, fishing and other such activities where I had left them off as a boy. Even there the harmful results of athletic overexertion were at once apparent; I was too muscle-bound for mountain trails; exertion unrelated to team victory seemed purposeless, and there were no crowds to cheer. It took me years to overcome these difficulties, and to bring my body back to the pliability and normalcy that Nature intended. This, I repeat, is the history of most college athletes for about fifteen years after the final line buck or tackle.

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The physical education of the American co-ed offers an interesting contrast. College women, I firmly believe, are at least half a century ahead of college men in this field. They have never been handicapped in the evolution of their physical programme by such purely commercial demands as institutional advertising and gate receipts through team conquests. From the first, their instructors have been judged not by sport sheet records of team standings, but by their positive influence, mentally and morally as well as physically, upon the masses of student women who come under their charge. Their positions have been permanent. Their objectives are health.

So all-important is the health objective in women's physical education that most colleges and universities have joined in a national association which rigidly bars intercollegiate competition. As a consequence the thousands of women in our colleges are able to participate sanely in all forms of health-giving recreational activities under trained supervision and guidance, while the vast majority of their brothers are forced to shift for themselves. And in most vital points of physical development, college women are far in advance of college men. Above all, when the co-ed leaves college, she knows how to play, for she has been trained to play. A glance at the women's physical programme in a Western State university of seven thousand enrolment is illuminating:

It includes the following activities, most of which are compulsory, and in all of which every woman on the campus is urged to enter: folk dancing, character dancing and natural dancing; hockey, baseball, basketball, volleyball, handball, tennis and golf; canoeing, tramping, swimming, rifle shooting, archery and gymnastics. In the competitive branches of this programme there are intramural leagues and field days; but, fortunately, the emphasis is upon play for play's sake, and no woman may overexert herself. After four years in a department such as this, the college woman faces life with a modern background of training and preparation for future health and recreational needs. This department, incidentally, is in charge of a dean and seven other professors and instructors, all of whom draw their salaries from the State through the university proper.

On this same campus, by way of comparison, the varsity football coach draws a salary nearly four thousand dollars in excess of that paid the president; and the salary total of the men's coaching staff, in all branches of intercollegiate competition, runs over sixty thousand dollars annually. The gymnasium and the stadium, built at a cost of nearly three million, are monopolized by less than two hundred varsity athletes, many of whom are imported for no other purpose than football, while the rest of the male student body is out in the cold.

THERE are hopeful indications of a change for the better. At a time when the economic situation is forcing superfluity out of all organizations and institutions which have a claim upon public moneys, we are beginning to realize that colleges and universities owe the taxpayer a

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major emphasis, in publicity and otherwise, upon something more vital to public welfare than football. The co-ed is blazing a modern trail through the educational wilderness for her brother, one that he must ultimately follow; and her achievements in health, beauty and physical well-being are such that they can no longer be ignored by the college administrator — a much harassed gentleman who, at present, woefully contemplates the fact that, in subordinating all other purposes for which college is intended, football is a positive menace to institutional budgets — a drab reality indicated recently when the Washington State legislature passed a law limiting deans' salaries in the State university and the State college to four hundred dollars a month, proponents of the bill urging that for a long period of years the two institutions had been more interested in football than in education. The day, furthermore, is not far off when physical health and recreational adaptability in college men will be more important in educational perspective than false institutional advertising and gate receipts.

We have one of the world's most beautiful and varied outdoors, its national parks, its snow-clad peaks, its forests, lakes, rivers and waterfalls, the heritage — thanks to that child of the machine, the automobile — of every American of every age and class. Residents of forty-eight States fish for Puget Sound salmon and Rogue River steelhead; residents of every State have access to Glacier National Park, the Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, the California Redwoods and thousands of miles of ocean beach on either coast of the continent. Why should we not be trained in the school and college physical education departments of the future to enjoy these infinitely varied pleasures? Why should the scope of men's physical education be limited to Lilliputian gymnasia and stadia, and elemental spectacles as far behind their day as the jousts of knights of the Middle Ages, when we have the greater playground of outdoor Nature?

We have expended millions of dollars upon municipal playgrounds, golf courses, tennis courts and swimming pools to care for the recreational needs of a population congesting more and more in cities. Can we permit school and college departments of physical education to shirk their preparatory obligation in this regard?

Women have thrown off the conventional shackles of the Victorian period to vote, to enter business and to find the freedom that was their due from the first. Men and women now have more in common than at any other time in the history of civilization. In any sane perspective of education, academic or physical, would anything have a more direct and vital social significance than a comprehensive programme of sports and games and recreation, in which they met on terms of equality in an association that would bring to the surface the positive qualities of both? Which has the greater value, men and women joining in a set of tennis, a round of golf, an archery bout, or a fishing expedition — or twenty-two battle-mad young warriors battering the life from their bodies in a crude combat game for institutional advertising and gate

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receipts? Are there not other spectacles for an age that at least is wearing the surface garments of civilization? Are we not attempting to eliminate war and the traits of human nature which lead to war — notably the combat instinct? When men disagree, do we encourage settlement by fists and physical prowess? Is the day not gone when it was necessary to be able to run swiftly and jump high and far in order to elude Indians and other wilderness foes? Finally, are we not at the point in civilized progress when we must train both our bodies and our minds for civilized adjustment through our institutions of learning?

The football battle, the prize-fight and other combat spectacles are even now dying their natural death. Why? For the reason that an enlightened public is finding new interest and diversion in outdoor life, and in its way is seeking participation in those activities which lead to health, relaxation and the mental and physical interrelationships of both the individual and the mass mind. The old order is going. It may perhaps be gone. Our final concern is this: when will school and college physical education assume its logical place in the procession and meet the issue?

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THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

IT IS pleasant to report that the crisis through which this country is now passing — at the moment this is being written the banks are still closed and a curious peace has settled over farm and city — is notable primarily for the fact that the ancient virtues of good humor and helpfulness have suddenly come to life. The final collapse of a banking system that has been tottering for months found the Landscaper in New Orleans, with Carnival just ended, and the most attractive city in the United States in the midst of a post-Mardi Gras hangover. The indomitably gay spirits of a place where people have always insisted upon being happy were not crushed; those of its residents who had money to buy gasoline drove to the French market to lay in a supply of red beans and rice, the others walked on a similar mission. It was a disappointing Mardi Gras because of the weather, but good liquor was abundant, and good spirits even more so.

It Remains New Orleans

NOT for many years had this wanderer visited New Orleans, and so he was curious to check up on the effects of the city's growth and its great increase in commercial importance. There had been rumors of change, suggestions that the city was becoming more and more American, and losing its delicious and peculiar character. Perhaps the depression has made a difference, but whatever is responsible New Orleans remains itself, *sui generis*, invaded but not conquered by the spirit of the Industrial Era. The quality of the food is as high as ever, the Oysters Rockefeller and the *Truite Marguery* at La Louisiane as near to epicures' dreams as they were ten or even twenty years ago. Vieux Carré has lost none of its ancient charm, and the Cathedral by moonlight remains as romantic as it has ever been. It is, too, the most peaceful of all the churches in America the Landscaper has ever entered, the nearest approach — if not architecturally, although it is good enough in its own style — to the great churches of Europe. The old apartments in Frenchtown are as full of grace and charm as they have always been, and as wholly remote from all that went on in a mad country after we embarked upon our spell of insanity that came to a close in 1929.

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Two Treasures

LYLE SAXON, who has done so much to tell the world of New Orleans and the fascinating country that lies around it, has one of these old places. His patio owns a magnificent palm that grows in the exact centre, and spreads its branches like an umbrella over the whole oblong. This very poem of a tree escaped the disastrous freeze that so recently stripped the Gulf Coast country of its spring flowers, most of all the azaleas that are its chief glory, because it is sheltered from the cold blasts that brought such destruction with them in February. Mr. Saxon also has another possession which the world might well envy him, a colored cook named Dan. Dan's red snapper deserves more poetical treatment than it will get at the hands of the Landscaper; it is a great work of art, and lingers like music in the memory. Mr. Saxon has been at work on his first novel for several years, taking his time with it. It is now almost done and will probably see the light of day this fall. The title is *Children of Strangers*, and the story is of a part of Louisiana where whites and blacks have mingled with considerable freedom for several generations. Remembering the few, but excellent, short stories of Mr. Saxon, one feels high hopes for the novel. After it is finished another non-fiction book along the lines of *Fabulous New Orleans*, *Father Mississippi* and so on will be undertaken.

Why Not More Writers?

ROARK BRADFORD lives around the corner from Mr. Saxon, and spends much of his time at present telling Negro stories over the radio. John McClure, who did such fine work on the old *Double Dealer*, and later as book reviewer for the *Times Picayune*, is still on the staff of that newspaper, and a resident of the Quarter. There are others, of course, for this little corner of the world will always hold out attractions for people who write or paint or do anything in the way of the arts, but one wonders why the literary colony is not much larger. Living is extremely reasonable, not so cheap, perhaps, as in Florida, which can now equal in economy the Landscaper's former Paradise of Mallorca, but New Orleans offers more attractions than merely cheap living. It has plenty of intellectual stimulation, a surprisingly large number of people who keep up with everything that goes on in the world, and form their own highly individual and entertaining opinions without outside assistance. This is refreshing to a long-time resident of New York, where what most people think or say about books, pictures or music comes directly from the columns of their favorite daily newspapers.

The Little Theatre

THE remarkable success of Le Petit Theatre, now a well-established institution of the Quarter is in itself a tribute to intelligence and artistic interest of the city. Started in 1913 with, as one of its founders told the Landscaper, forty members and thirty dollars, the Little Theatre now owns its thoroughly modern and well-equipped playhouse, with the exception of a small remaining debt, and this feat has been accomplished without a cent of outside assistance.

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The original members set their faces squarely against subsidies of any sort, and in the beginning made their own scenery and costumes. In spite of existing financial conditions, the membership has shown a surprisingly small falling off, and there is no doubt at all that a year or two more will see the theatre out of debt, owning a very valuable piece of property, and with every prospect of a long and useful life. A complete small theatre, known as the Workshop, is one of the most interesting features of a fine plant; it offers opportunities for any sort of experimental work that the members may care to try. Talent crying for expression here finds a perfect outlet. At the moment, Ferenc Molnar's *Fata Morgana* is being given, a most difficult play even for the professional theatre, but the New Orleans group has far too many triumphs behind it to be daunted. The whole enterprise is a fine manifestation of the guild spirit; it has been artistically successful and has consistently made money, furnishing a theatre-loving city with the kind of entertainment it might otherwise have had to go without during the movie-ridden period. It seems a pity to have to pass on with no more than this casual notice of so admirable a piece of work, but the Landscaper's two thousand miles since he last set down his observations have yielded so much that it is necessary.

Florida's Masterpieces

BACKTRACKING for a time, he would like to go on record as saying that Florida, which is so full of interest from whatever point of view one cares to take it, has at least three things that ought to be seen by every American — and also by a large number of scornful Europeans. These are the Ringling Museum of Fine Arts in Sarasota, the gift of one of the famous members of the circus family; the Bok Tower, and all the beauty that surrounds it, and Rollins College at Winter Park. The Landscaper had read of all three before he saw them, but was not prepared for any one of them. In Sarasota for a day, he yielded to an old love of anything pertaining to the circus and spent a sunny morning in the winter quarters of the Ringling shows, watching the patient training of the horses, playing with Sadie, a delightful orang-outang as gentle as a dog and far more entertaining, petting the zebras that roam at large over the grounds, and watching the huge herd of elephants swaying at their great stakes, nervous because of the wind that beat against their canvas shelter.

Then he went to the Museum, which is a beautiful building in the Spanish style, with a vast open courtyard, and filled with examples of the work of the greatest masters of painting. This is no place for a catalogue of the pictures, but the selection was made with the greatest care and skill, and the masterpieces are in far greater proportion to the total number of paintings than they are in many of the famous museums of the world. The hanging is right, and as in every good museum, one might spend months with profit. It is not too large a museum to be wholly enjoyed — the Landscaper was reminded of the Prado in Madrid, which is to him the most satisfying art gallery he has ever seen. There are black swans in a pool in the

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patio, and bougainvillea grows everywhere; altogether a place of peace and beauty, where the setting helps to put the visitor in the proper mood for the enjoyment of the paintings. A surprising number of people in near-by Florida towns have never even seen the museum, but the visitor to the State who misses it and then goes dashing off to Europe to haunt the galleries there deserves to be stopped by the immigration authorities upon his return to his own country.

A Day of Memories

EDWARD BOK is buried at the foot of a Gothic tower of multicolored marble which holds one of the finest carillons in the world, and which stands on the top of the highest elevation in Florida, with the village of Lake Wales at its foot. It is a divinely beautiful place when the azaleas are at their best, as they were for the Landscaper's day — white and pink and red. There are tall pine trees, and winding lagoons, fountains and flowers and birds, and a stillness that even on a windy day when a sweet blending of natural sounds makes its own symphony hushes the voices of the people who come to look and listen. Good roads lead from all parts of the State to the Tower, which is in the midst of a bird sanctuary, and which was the gift of a man who came to know before he died that beauty is as necessary for human beings as bread. As time passes, the Tower and its surroundings will become even more lovely, but it is not necessary to wait. For one who has always believed in accumulating memories, which may be turned to in moments of great need as we turn to our friends, or our books, the Landscaper cherishes the day at Lake Wales, and knows very well that if he never sees it again, a fragment of its beauty will be with him as long as he lives.

A Unique Institution

ROLLINS COLLEGE, out of which Dr. Hamilton Holt has made one of the most important schools in America, is beautiful, too, both in its natural setting and in its buildings, the Knowles Memorial Chapel and the Annie Russell Theatre with their connecting arcades forming a fine patio, being one of the loveliest group of buildings the Landscaper has ever seen, and truly and honestly Spanish in design and feeling. But it is interesting from many other points of view as well, interesting because it is trying a vital educational experiment which is a clean break from traditional methods in this country, and what is more, making an outstanding success of it. Rollins is an old college, the oldest in Florida, founded by New Englanders, and clinging fast in the midst of the luscious beauty of the Florida country to the old ideals of plain living and high thinking. The classroom and formal lecture method of instruction have been virtually abandoned, also the four-year course; teaching is mainly by conference, and the idea is to help students to use their own brains rather than to cram their heads full of cut-and-dried information. Dr. Holt has dared to be unacademic whenever he felt like it, and the results are extraordinarily arousing and stimulating, especially to any one like the Landscaper who

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feels very deeply that the American educational system is weakest where it ought to be strongest, this for two reasons, one that it is not designed to teach even those students who have something to think with how to think, the other that it fails lamentably to teach what life is like and what ought to be done about it. Both these things Rollins tries to do. Dr. Holt's persistent policy of putting most of his budget into teachers rather than into buildings is another clean break with American tradition; in fact, Rollins strikes this observer as delightfully unstandardized and un-American; a curious survival of that period in New England history Lewis Mumford has characterized as The Golden Day, when this country might for a moment have gone Greek, and instead, God save the mark, went Roman.

An "Animated Magazine"

Once a year for several years the college has had what it calls The Rollins Animated Magazine, the only institution of its kind in the world. The contributors read their pieces; the subscribers, student body, friends of the college, and natives and tourists from all over Florida listen under the trees. This year the list included Albert Shaw, Mary E. Wooley, William P. Merrill, Walter Prichard Eaton, Dan Beard, Irving Bacheller, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Charles Downer Hazen, Ray Stannard Baker, Lyman P. Powell, Frances Frost, William T. Ellis and Opie Read, with Dr. Holt as master of ceremonies, and Edwin Osgood Grover, professor of books on the college faculty, as the "advertising insert," since an appeal is made each year for funds for the campus library.

There is much more that might be said about this unusual institution, about the very atmosphere of the place, and its agreeable informality, about the normal and wholesome life the students seem to lead, about the effort to keep expenses as low as possible so that its advantages may be offered to poor students as well as rich, and about the genuine spirit of democracy that may be felt as well as seen. It was an inspiration to this somewhat pessimistic wanderer to spend even a day on the campus and to realize that something of the kind existed in the country, and was the product of American intelligence and courage. In April next, a Spanish club from Ybor City, which is the Spanish town of Tampa, is to hold a celebration in honor of Cervantes on the campus, and it goes without saying that the Landscaper will be there, if it is humanly possible.

And Books, Also

Between long hours at the wheel of an automobile, swimming, lying in the sun at St. Petersburg and Clearwater, and sitting still listening to the mocking birds in Tampa, which is one of the most wholly agreeable of American cities, the Landscaper has read a few books, and as sometimes happens, several unusually good ones. Those who are interested in the architectural side of New Orleans, for example, will find much good material in *New Orleans: Its Old Houses, Shops and Public Buildings* by Nathaniel Cortlandt Curtis (Lippincott, $3.50). Mr. Curtis is an architect who has gathered his data with care. He settles the old

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quarrel of whether New Orleans architecture is French or Spanish by saying that it is neither, but Creole, and he goes painstakingly into its distinguishing characteristics, most notably the profuse use of cast-iron as decoration for balconies and stairs. The book is not notable for its style, and is far less interesting reading than Lyle Saxon's *Fabulous New Orleans*, but it contains useful information for visitors with a flair for the art of building. The city itself is amazingly rich in odd examples of architectural adaptations, many of them quite beautiful, and all worth looking at and studying.

A Good New Novelist

AMONG recent novels, the Landscaper found much pleasure in Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's *South Moon Under* (Scribner, $2), which is a current book club choice, and which is a remarkable record of the daily lives of Florida Crackers, inhabitants of the "scrub" which covers a relatively small area of the State and shelters people of Anglo-Saxon blood who bear many resemblances to the mountain-folk of the Carolinas and Eastern Tennessee. Mrs. Rawlings has discovered their most deeply hidden secrets, from the proper ceremonies for childbirth to the exact recipe for moonshine; she knows them thoroughly and sympathetically. They have the pioneer virtues of being able to take care of themselves in all circumstances and of enjoying life in the face of hardships that would completely defeat the majority of this soft generation. It is not only that the author is a close, careful and accurate observer, but she does her characters well also, and she has a sense of plot that makes the book excellent reading. Often the language is quite frank, and the story is no more pleasant than life, but it has an engaging quality of honesty and verisimilitude. In short, it is a good novel in addition to being a good picture of one small corner of a great continent that will never be completely explored, no matter how many of its people take up literary careers. (There have been times in the Landscaper's past life when he has suspected that at least every other person in America was writing a novel, and his recent travels pretty well bear out the suspicion.)

Murder in the Mountains

ANOTHER entertaining novel is *Glen Hazard* by Maristan Chapman (Knopf, $2), which continues the fortunes of a group of characters well known by this time to followers of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman. This is a murder mystery in a Tennessee mountain setting, the victim being the most hated man in the community. The Chapmans have resorted to a conventional detective story plot, which offers no novelties in construction, but which is full of native humor, and decorated with the rich dialect of which they are masters. Their vein is purely romantic, and the present book, like its predecessors, works out to a happy ending, with the villains punished and the virtuous rewarded. There is nothing important about the present book, but it is delightfully written and very readable. A remarkable contrast, which is symbolical of the diversity of fiction that is coming out of the South at the present time, is

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Erskine Caldwell's *God's Little Acre* (Viking, $2.50), the story of a family of Georgia country people, written with rather breath-taking frankness, even in these days when censorship seems to have disappeared. The theme is the effect of the presence of a virile male upon three women, and the reader is, as the saying goes, "told all." A good many people will be shocked by Mr. Caldwell's candor, but he writes with force and often with beauty, and he knows life in certain of its less discussable phases.

Beauregard and Davis

A good biography that revives an ancient controversy is Hamilton Basso's *Beauregard: The Great Creole* (Scribner, $3), which is the story of the career of P. T. G. Beauregard, the romantic Louisiana soldier of Creole ancestry who was in command of the Confederate forces at Charleston when Fort Sumter was fired upon. Beauregard and Jefferson Davis fought a duel that lasted four long years, and Mr. Basso takes Beauregard's side with both intelligence and fire. Those readers who found pleasure in Lloyd Lewis's magnificent biography of Sherman ought to be particularly interested in the Beauregard, for Mr. Basso has done what Mr. Lewis did, that is, written the story of the War Between the States from a very definite point of view. The Basso book is not so important as the Lewis work, which is a contribution of the first importance to the whole history of the period, but it is interestingly written, a good example of modern, impressionistic biography that is soundly grounded and revealing, without being in the least dull or pedantic. Exception might be taken to Mr. Basso's condemnation of Davis's stubborn attitude toward Beauregard's policy of a concentrated attack upon vital points in the Federal territory for the reason that Davis had to be a politician and to take political realities into consideration, while Beauregard was purely a military man, and probably did not realize the internal difficulties of the government of the Confederate States. But it is interesting to have these revaluations of Davis; his contemporaries for the most part had fallen out with him completely at the time of the surrender of Lee's armies at Appotomatox, and it was years before he became the beloved symbol of a defeated nation, which promptly forgot its old animosity. Beauregard was in every respect one of the most romantic figures that came out of the Civil War, and Mr. Basso has presented him to us without neglecting this aspect of his character.

Men Out of Jobs

Like Sherman, Beauregard was oddly out of place when the war was over. The latter pages of Lewis's book reveal a rather pathetic figure, somewhat lost in the seas of adulation that engulfed him, as tragic in success as Beauregard was in failure. Beauregard, after years of the most grinding poverty, in which one story has it he actually begged his bread from door to door in New Orleans, became the head of the Louisiana Lottery at a salary of $10,000 a year, and suffered the execrations of many Southern patriots, who evidently preferred that he starve to death rather than to lower his principles,

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although no doubt many of the people who condemned Beauregard for taking the post with the Lottery bought tickets every week. As neatly ironical a situation as the South's condemnation of Al Smith for being a Wet, when, if the observation of one person is worth anything, more liquor was — and is — being consumed in the South than any other section of the country.

One of the finest of the many biographies of Wagner is *The Unconquerable Tristan: The Story of Richard Wagner*, by B. M. Steigman (Macmillan, $3.50), which tells in detail of the three women in Wagner's life, Minna, Mathilde Wesendonck and Cosima. This volume is a rare combination of good scholarship and style, a delightfully written book that goes a long way toward explaining the remarkable contradictions in the character of a great genius. Wagner's letters form the principal source of Mr. Steigman's material, which he has handled with admirable skill. The book reads like a first-rate novel, and this without departing from sound material. The Landscaper considers this book well toward the top of the list of contemporary volumes about the lives of musicians, and trusts that even in such a season as this it will not go neglected.

Some Religious Speculation

ANOTHER recent book that interested the Landscaper very much, even if he found himself unable to agree with its conclusions, was *The Other Spanish Christ* by John A. Mackey (Macmillan, $2), which is a consideration of the religious question of the moment in Spain and South America. Mr. Mackey has for years been associated with Y. M. C. A. work in Peru, and his feeling is that the real need of both Spain and South America is to get away from Catholicism. The meaning of his title will be understood by those who have read Unamuno, whom Mr. Mackey admires whole-heartedly, for Unamuno has written much and often of the Christ of Spanish Catholicism, which he thinks was imported from Tangiers, and which is, above everything else, a dead Christ. Mr. Mackey's Christ is the Christ of social service, as well as the Redeemer, a Christ which he seems to think plays a highly important part in the affairs of the United States. In short, his is the missionary attitude, and his book will please those who believe that this country has developed a religion so satisfactory that it should supplant others, to the Landscaper a very doubtful theory.

What of the Bankers?

WHAT gives the book real value, however, is the genuine understanding of Spanish character revealed by its author, a far more genuine understanding than he reveals of American character. One wishes that he might have had more to say about the operations of our friends the international bankers in South America, and the part they played in bringing the recent revolutions; it might have been valuable to investigate their church affiliations. What sort of religion will come out of the turmoil in Spain and in South America is anybody's guess, and anything Spanish is essentially unpredictable, but the Landscaper's own prophecy is that the Catholic

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Church, purged of some of its obvious weaknesses, will retain its hold to a very large extent. Spanish Catholicism, as Mr. Mackey points out, is not like any other; what he does not lay sufficient stress upon is its close and unmistakable connection with the oldest cults in the Iberian peninsula. The worship of Mary is stronger than the worship of Christ in the Spanish countries because it is much older; primitive Iberian goddesses antedating Christianity by a thousand years held infants in their arms in poses that are familiar to the world today, just as Isis and the infant Horus and the Virgin and Child are too much alike at times to be distinguished. Mr. Mackey's account of the curious cults that flourish in South America, and more especially in Brazil, is interesting; he might just as well have been writing about the United States. His is a good book to quarrel with in any case, because he writes well and defends his own point of view without being offensively dogmatic.

Many Other Matters

THIS scattered account of the Landscaper's activities in recent weeks leaves out much. For example, the conversations with Evans Wall, author of *No-Nation Girl*, *Love-Fetish*, and other remarkable novels, in Tampa, where Mr. Wall is living for a time away from his old house near Woodville, Mississippi, the oldest house in the State, and somewhat crowded with ghosts. Mr. Wall has just finished the manuscript of another novel, *River God*, which promises to be an outstanding book of some future season; he has both a fine and a diverse talent, and knows stories of the country in which he lives that ought to keep him writing as long as he lives. Or a Sunday spent at Oak Alley, forty miles up the Mississippi River from New Orleans, a great old plantation house with twenty-eight columns and twenty-eight magnificent live oaks making an avenue down to the river, a place of peace and simple, old-time dignity. Or the story of a river pilot and his wife, who cooked on the boat, who dreamed of owning one of the most beautiful houses in Louisiana and came at last to own it. This one is too good to be neglected, so the Landscaper will tell it later.

This part of the world — Mississippi — still lives the tall tales that used to delight the frontier. The latest, which comes from the town of Hot Coffee, believe it or not, is this: A citizen of the community who was out of work bought a gallon of moonshine on credit, and after three drinks began to see such strange and wonderful snakes and animals, he decided to start a show and charge admission. A number of natives responded to his ballyhoo, but seeing nothing, sent for the sheriff to arrest their fellow-townsman for defrauding them. The fellow-townsman stopped the sheriff long enough to give him two drinks from the gallon, and he not only told the people it was the best show he had ever seen, but offered to buy a half-interest in it. . . .

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